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THE  
ART-JOURNAL.



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#### THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

1. THE VILLAGE FÊTE. Engraved by J. OUTHWAITE from the Picture by D. TENIERE, in the Collection at Buckingham Palace.
2. THE EMPTY CHAIR. Engraved by H. LEMON, from the Picture by SIR W. ALLAN, R.A., in the Collection at Buckingham Palace.
3. RUTH. Engraved by J. H. BAKER, from the Statue by W. THREED.

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#### ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE OF THE PARIS INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION.—Part VI.

##### THE ART-INDUSTRY OF THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

The ART-JOURNAL report of the Exhibition of the Industry of all Nations, in Paris, will be brought to a close in the ensuing part of that work.

Although necessarily limited, it will be, we believe, the only illustrated report of the exhibition: for the illustrated papers have been so much occupied by treating subjects connected with the war, that they have for some time almost entirely neglected the arts of peace.

It will be observed that the report is separately paged, so that when the volume for 1855 is bound up, such report may, if the subscriber pleases, be detached and bound up as a separate volume.

The volume announced in Paris as in course of formation, for admission into which contributors were required to pay large sums, has been abandoned: and we understand it is not in contemplation to preserve records of this great exhibition by the issue of any illustrated work, either as a national publication or a private speculation. This is an evil much to be regretted.

"THE VERNON GALLERY."—The series of engravings of the whole of the pictures presented to the Nation by the late Robert Vernon, Esq., and contained in the "Vernon Gallery," have been issued in the volumes of the *Art-Journal*, from 1849 to 1854 inclusive. These volumes may be obtained of the publisher. Each volume contains 36 engravings on steel, and between 500 and 600 engravings on wood.

The Editor of the ART-JOURNAL contemplates publishing in that work "A BOOK OF THE THAMES," to be abundantly illustrated by woodcuts, not alone of beautiful scenery, historic sites, ancient ruins, and venerable mansions, but of the several fishes, plants, insects, &c., &c., and all objects of minor interest associated with the "King of island rivers." Our object in making this announcement is to solicit the aid of Artists who have made sketches on the banks of the Thames—from its rise to its fall—and to obtain the loan of such sketches for the purpose of introduction in the work.

Covers for the Volumes of the ART-JOURNAL can be had of any Bookseller at Three Shillings each.

We reply to every letter, requiring an answer, that may be sent to us with the writer's name and address; but we pay no attention to anonymous communications.

The Office of the Editor of the ART-JOURNAL is 4, Lancaster Place, Waterloo Bridge, Strand, where all Editorial communications are to be addressed. Letters, &c., for the Publishers, should be forwarded, as usual, to 25, Paternoster Row.

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## THE ART-JOURNAL.



LONDON, NOVEMBER 1, 1855.

A DREAM  
OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

HAD spent the day at Sydenham. I had wandered among the stores of Art within its crystal halls; had gazed at the regal lily; had listened to poor Queen Hortense's air of "Partant pour la Syrie;" poor, because it was not granted to her to see her son in his imperial chair; had viewed the bounding fountains on the terraces, like white marabout feathers, with their attendant rainbows waving their tricolors in the breeze. I had seen all this, and much more; and home returning to my little bachelor's nook near the great town, my tiny seclusion hid in trees, the images I had seen followed me like attendant spirits, and did not quit me even when my head was laid on my pillow, in the sleep that my day's wanderings had well earned.

Whether it was through the gate of Ivory or of horn that they floated the reader will best judge. The elements of thought continued akin to those of the day, but a turn in its kaleidoscope changed the scene. Methought I was again "en route," to the Crystal Palace; but this time, strange to say, it was by water. I was on the ample deck of a beautiful vessel, passing rapidly up the Thames, with a numerous freight of gay holiday-makers, young and old of all classes, but assimilated by the like tone of enjoyment and gaiety that escape from town and rapid movement without exertion, especially over water, ever lends in fine weather. As for myself, I was in a pleasant maze; my senses were fully occupied in contemplation of the scene around me, as we passed bridge after bridge, and as feature after feature of the banks glided by us. Truly, I fancied I had never seen the ancient city in such holiday attire, nor Old Father Thames so "riant!" "Surely," I said to myself, "I have never been on an excursion more promising." Something of this, I suppose, escaped my lips, for a continuation was uttered by my side. "Nor one more cheap!" said a voice, which, on turning, I found proceeded from a matter-of-fact but good-tempered looking, stout elderly gentleman, who, ensconced in a comfortable seat close to where I was standing, was resting both his hands on his stick, with the air of a contented looker on the world's ways.

On this, I gave my face an assenting expression, although for the life of me I could not recollect what I paid to come on board, or for the going, return, and entrance-to-the-Palace-ticket which I had in my pocket. Feeling rather ashamed of this, I listened for the chance of acquiring by a side-wind this information from my neighbour. I was not, however, to be precisely gratified. "It is, indeed, a great fact," he continued, "for a trifle like" (and here he named a sum in the soon-to-be decimal coinage, of which I did not know the value, although I fancy it to be something less than a franc), "and a great privilege to be thus able to take two excursions by water, and spend the day in some of the

loveliest scenes to be met with on the bank of any river. And yet, sir, the sum is reasonable, that is, it is not too cheap, nor too dear, for it fully enables the Crystal Palace to be what it originally promised to be, a realised scheme for the recreation, and amusement, and health, and instruction of the People, especially of that portion residing in and about this great city. And this is all because the directors enlisted good Old Father Thames into their service. He helped them vastly in the first instance in the conveyance of the materials of the Palace, and now it is opened, does not cease his assistance, inasmuch as he takes for the larger portion of the transit of visitors upon his own shoulders as his part of the business, as well as the supply of the fountains, and other attractive features of the Palace grounds, as we shall see, sir, all in good time. It was from the due consideration of all these river facilities, and the economy and cheapness of access therefrom arising, that the early idea of having the Crystal Palace on the heights of Sydenham was abandoned; for that," he continued, "would have entailed a good many miles by rail, which must have cost money, and have raised the price of transit and entrance beyond what the working-man could have easily spared. But water-carriage is a mere trifle in expense compared to rail, whether for an inanimate or animate freight. Here in the river was a broad thoroughfare, a "permanent way," open to all; no land to buy, no rails to lay down; and so broad it can never be blocked up; nor will it wear out; and which bears on its bosom, passing and repassing at the same time, as easily a hundred of these beautiful boats as one. Besides, for a holiday scheme, the river passage possesses a great advantage over any other, addressing itself as strongly to the feelings as to the pocket. For, sir, when one steps into a railway-carriage, one feels—at least I do—that I am going on business, not pleasure. There is an essentially business-like air about the concomitants of a train that has no smack of holiday about it, nor is it altogether pleasant, and one is apt to look upon one's passage in one as a necessary evil, glossed over by the expedition it affords; but it is quite a different affair as regards a river expedition, which has something intrinsically 'gala' about it. Directly I set my foot on the planks of a river boat—and here my sedate neighbour raised up his right foot, and set it down firmly again with a little bit of a stamp;—"as soon as I set my foot on board such a boat as this, I feel I am on a holiday, that is, not only bound for one, but actually commencing my enjoyment of it. But you had better," he exclaimed, "take this vacant seat," indicating one by his side; "for though the company's arrangements prevent their boats being crowded, still some seats are better than others; and I always take care to take a good place, if it be only," he added, "that I may have the pleasure of giving it up to another."

The observation was quite true that we were not overcrowded, although there was so large a freight of human beings on board; for the Crystal Palace boat in which we were embarked was a floating palace in itself. It was very long, very wide, and very shallow, and the deck near the water and quite "flush," according to my new friend's vocabulary, that is, flat and even from stem to stern, and from side to side, except where the concealed engines were placed, for steam, or some motive power of a similar nature was the agent of our passage. There was, however, no smoke, the company having set a good example in this as in other respects. A vast and light awning was spread above the whole surface of the deck from end to end, supported along the sides and at various points by light and elegant pillars, thus providing for sun and rain, and affording one simple and beautiful promenade. The pillars and other parts of the deck were profusely decorated with flowers, and as we glided over the waters but a slight stretch of fancy would have pictured us as in one of the poet-sung "floating gardens of Cashmere."

I may remark here that imagination, in the course of our short voyage, continued very busy with the forms of the various other decorated

vessels on which, like ourselves, so many were journeying toward the Palace, each bearing at her stern, like a waving rainbow, the Crystal Palace flag. Some appeared similar to our own, with an ample deck and awning, while others had two tiers of deck, and one was actually roofed with glass, although the sides were open, and flowers and plants were blossoming, pendant from beneath its crystal ceiling. Various orders of architecture seemed to flourish in these moving palaces—here a Grecian colonnade, there a series of Gothic aisles, were afloat—here a Pompeian house, there a Moresque or Saracenic hall, skimmed the flood. Meanwhile the utmost simplicity of adaptation characterised the introduction of these various styles into these buoyant and fleet structures. As I was pondering on these, suddenly an uncomfortable idea struck me. These broad and ample structures are very charming, but how are they to get through Chelsea and Putney bridges?—that is, if we are going above these, for I was in a happy state of ignorance as to our final destination.

I was just about to express this to my neighbour when, as if he had anticipated my thought, he exclaimed, "Among the advantages of placing the Crystal Palace on the banks of the Thames is the reform that it has been the cause of in some of the bridges. It has been a public benefit in this respect in relieving the Thames from these crazy old watchmen, and replacing them by those that clear the way much better." This, I confess, was something new to me. However, I kept my counsel, remarking at the same time that the Thames seemed clearer than its wont. "Yes," he replied, "and in that respect also the Crystal Palace has done some collateral good, as well as in deepening certain parts of the river, and removing the shallows,—that is, not directly, except by subscriptions to that end, but by keeping public attention directed to the subject. I suppose the company thought that a Crystal Palace should have a free and even crystal path to it! and I trust this question will now never rest till the waves of the old Thames are clear enough to let the salmon up again, as was the case in my early days!"

"Ah!" exclaimed I, with a sudden fraternity of feeling, "and you too are a fisherman!" The thought of the "gentle sport," I suppose, put me off enquiring what had been the precise means used in the purification of the dear old river, while he continued,—"Yes, sir, with float or fly, and have been from a boy, and I love to turn the tables on the tyrant pike: and this following has made me a great student of this river. No wonder the ancients personified their beloved streams, and made demigods of them; for my part, I look on the ancient and quiet Thames as an old and tried friend, and I may say I know him from Oxford to the Nore, in all his bendings, and pools, and reaches, not only in his early course among the chub, and the dace, and the trout, but also when he spreads his shoulders to the burthen of Britain's mighty commerce from London to the sea."

"When a great and lasting success," he continued after a pause, "is achieved, it will commonly be found to be the execution of an idea theoretically as well as practically correct, and it was sound Poetry as well as sound Sense to associate the temple of England's instruction and healthful recreation with the most exquisite, characteristic, and peculiar of England's landscape features. The other beauties of these isles, charming and varied as they are (for really the British isles afford a sample of almost every kind of scenery) are somewhat overcrowded, in scale, at least, by those of other countries—our hills and mountains and wide-spread views by those which they present, as our west coast of Scotland and the lakes and heights of Cumberland and Killarney by the Tyrol and Geneva or the Lago Maggiore. But the Thames is *per se*—it has no rival in its own way, and reigns alone in its own province of beauty. It is peculiar in its deep quiet strength and contented repose, and apart from its course past the greatest and most varied city in the world, and bearing on its waves the largest mercantile navy that exists, its upper course presents a series of charms specially home-like and dear to the lover of the beau-





tiful in English landscape. Its rich meadows dotted with lowing cattle sleek and well-fed—its luxuriant woods, clothing the hill-sides, spangled with honeysuckle, dog-roses, and wild clematis, with the white chalk cliffs cropping out here and there, and giving intensity to the verdure around—its picturesque and clustered hamlets—its quiet country seats, with the grass shaven down to the water's edge—its flower-fringed banks, blooming with forget-me-nots, and green with crosses—its quiet reaches, and deep, wide, clear pools, with their swans and water-lilies. I could go on for ever, sir, about the dear old Thames, but I will spare you—and only add, that, in my belief, the banks of the Thames present almost continuously in its whole course, from its source to the sea, scenes nowhere to be equalled in their way, and to which England may point with pride as being peculiarly her own. And all this is what makes the association of this Crystal Palace, also so peculiarly England's own, with the dear old Thames so true in principle, and so satisfactory theoretically as well as practically."

He now paused: I had at first fancied our voyage might not extend farther than Battersea park, as I had some time ago heard mention of this as a possible site, but we had long passed this beneath the new Chelsea bridge, but when my new acquaintance spoke so rapturously of the charms of the early course of the monarch stream, I began to have a very vague notion indeed of how far we were going! On expressing this, his rejoinder was patronisingly, "do not cause me to weaken an agreeable surprise."

As there is a romantic, dreamy pleasure in being carried pleasantly and without exertion, you know not exactly whither, I resigned myself to gaze dreamily about on either gliding bank, and reverie about the people that lived in the pretty houses there, and about river-life in general, and whether a person might not be very happy as a barge-man, ever passing up and down the river in his floating house, with his family, if he would but eschew strong beer and language! till I was diverted from my inner fancies by a swell of music from a vessel ahead of us, from which the notes were wafted over the water with peculiar sweetness.

As we approached, it changed the burden of its song, and struck up gay and cheerful tones of welcome—and during the time it accompanied us—which was for a distance of something more than a mile, a succession of well-selected and admirably executed pieces, varied and continued the pleasant first impression of agreeable surprise. This music boat was also a belonging to the Crystal Palace, and was in itself a very pretty object—a floating orchestra or temple of music, fitted up in the most efficient and convenient, as well as beautiful manner. This was one of several that await and greet, at different parts of the river, the passage of the transit boats to the palace. This appeared to me a well thought out arrangement.

In the course of our voyage this feature of it, as agreeable as it was unexpected, was repeated by another vessel of the same nature, which, in like manner, becoming our companion for a while, sung on the air, in vocal chorus, a special welcome to us to the people's palace. In this case, however, its strains, as they faded away in the distance as the floating orchestra dropped gradually astern, were caught up, as it were, and continued and swelled out into a louder compass in the opposite direction.

We were now nearing the Crystal Palace itself and the notes we now heard, and which were brought down in fuller swell by each succeeding pressure of the river breeze, were wafted to us from her own terraces. These expanding tones of welcome and rejoicing prefaced well the glittering view of the "Palace of the People" itself, which now, in rounding a grove-crowned angle of the stream, came gradually on the view, minaret after minaret glancing and glittering in the clear sunlight and rising in varied forms over the long extent of the building, which is crowned in the centre by a vast and exquisitely-proportioned dome, towering far and wide over the surrounding country, and looking down like a superior presence over the

decorated beauties of its own especial domain, terraced down to its banks, and enriched by every form of art that could enhance those of nature.

These, however, as yet we could not see in detail, though each moment brought us nearer to them on the glittering surface of the stream, which was here spread out, partly naturally and partly by the hand of man, into a wider expanse. In direct front, indeed, of the palace, the river had been widened out to the proportions of a lake, and, in a vast semicircular bay, sweeping towards it into the grounds, and lined with steps and terraces, gave access to the gardens and front approach of the palace. Nothing could be more varied than the gay scene of which this bay, as we approached, seemed the centre, within whose ample area was assembled every variety of light boat, pleasing to the eye or instructive to the curious in naval architecture, from the Indian bark canoe, the outrigger boat of the Ladrões, or Turkish caique, to our own light Esquimaux-like wagger-boat, with all the varied family of skiffs and wherries that diversify our own waters.

A charming effect was presented by this fleet in miniature, combined with the river, the palace, and people, and the trees, and the flowers, and the swelling music, and the bright day, and blue sky and fleecy clouds doubled in the water. As we gradually ascended the stream in front of them, for the vessel had now slackened her speed, they seemed to draw themselves out gracefully in *extenso*. Thus the whole vast length of the palace expanded itself to our view in growing dignity, with all its varied concomitants of luxurious gardens, terraces, temples, statues, flowers, fountains, and, above all, its groups of happy health-getting and contented visitors, that occupied the space between the building and the bay, in whose bosom no small portion of the forms and colours presented by these objects were reflected.

"Perhaps in no point of view," said my acquaintance, who had for some time been mute, silenced like myself by the scene of interest before us, "are the glories of this place contemplated to more advantage than here, and the more to favour this, you perceive that our vessel has approached the further side of the river, and is but gently keeping its upward course on this bank. This is the regulated route of the palace boats, and we shall thus pass the whole front of the palace, to the upper part of the grounds, before we prepare to land."

Our gaze was well rewarded as we thus glided slowly past the vast and glittering frontage, till we arrived at the upper part of the palace grounds, when our vessel abruptly crossed the river, beneath a light bridge spanning the stream in one arch, connecting the palace grounds on either side, and entered at once a flower and leaf-fringed canal, shooting out from the side of the river, and gradually inclining down again in the direction of the palace. "This branch," remarked my friend, "passes completely at the rear of the main building, and joins the Thames again below the gardens, thus transforming the site of the palace, and the more decorated portion of the grounds, into an island. It conducts us, however, at once to the palace, and will land us beneath its roof."

In accordance with these words we shortly came in sight of and entered a wide crystal portico stretching across the canal, which, at the rear of the great dome, the palace throws out as an entrance to receive its river visitors, protecting an ample basin, within which the arrived and departing boats deposit or receive their living freight. This has the air of a frank and cordial reception into the palace, and I agreed with my companion, that our course from London hither had been a succession of agreeable surprises.

Landing amid a grove of orange and citron trees, which grace the entrance halls, a few steps forward introduced us at once beneath the great dome, raising itself in air 300 feet. "It was good judgment, in my idea," exclaimed my companion, "in the directors to concentrate their efforts for altitude on this one feature. The eye is not led off or accustomed to any

emulative height in the other parts of the building, and they thus have kept their miracle intact and undisturbed, for the minarets, though lofty, are dwarfs to this."

After allowing me for some time to gaze upward into the vast airy firm, whose height I could scarcely realise, so far did it seem to recede into the blue sky, he added, "Having seen this from beneath, from without and within, let us now ascend it, and avail ourselves of its third charm, the prospect it affords from above. There is a road all round it to the top, although it is a considerable hill walk up you will have no exertion in returning!" He appeared to chuckle at his superior knowledge, and acknowledging that I was much more benefited by his guidance than he could be by the homage of my acquiescence, I readily followed.

The ascent is a spiral one, without steps, but very gradual, and wide enough for a pair of carriages to pass, although it is not put to that use. Starting from beneath the dome, we soon emerged above the roof of the general building into the open air, my new friend keeping up his running accompaniment of observation. "Whenever I go to a new place," he said, "a country town for instance, one of the first things I do is to get to the highest attainable spot about it, very usually a steeple, where, besides the pleasure of a new and extensive view, I gain at once an introduction to the environs, in the form of a natural map, to give me my whereabouts, and guide me in my perambulations below—and as you have not been here before, perhaps this procedure may be useful to you."

After marvelling at the vast extent of roof here presented to the view, with the varied domes, and campaniles, and minarets breaking its surface, we again proceeded upwards, stopping occasionally, however, in our spiral upward course as the prospect expanded on the view, and as new points struck us in winding round the dome, till we arrived at the summit, beneath the great crowning statue of "Civilisation," which with an open book in one hand holds out an electric light in the other.

Here were ample circles of seats, from which a wide and commanding view of the rich vales of England was obtained, the Thames running east and west through it like a silver thread, away into the distance. From this elevation my cicerone thus explained the view. "The river divides nearly equally the palace grounds: on one side is situated the palace and its immediate gardens, terraces, &c., islanded by the canal of access and return which Father Thames throws like a loving arm round his own 'Isola Bella,' thus leaving a broad skirt on the outside of the canal, which is kept, however, chiefly as a wood. On this side the river, within the building and the island, recourse has been had to every charm and device of art that can illustrate and enhance nature. On the other hand, on the opposite side, which is as you may see attained hence, not only by the many boats which you see fitting across the river, but by the light and pillared bridge at the upper end of the garden, everything has been kept in the most natural and simple rustic state consonant with dry walks, and the accommodation of many visitors. The grounds there are of considerable extent, and all is quiet, peaceful, and rural, so that when fatigued with human poetry and invention, the visitor may repose his wearied spirit amid Nature's simple beauty."

I here inquired, having observed a spire in the distance directly before us, apparently in the grounds of which he was speaking, "Is not that village spire I see directly in front of us across the river, within the precincts of the palace?"

"A scheme like this," he replied, "would have been incomplete indeed, without due homage to the Supreme and all Good and all Wise Intelligence. The palace of the Thames and the people has its church of heavenly as well as its temple of human instruction; and amid the quiet mead there far away from these vanities, the church bell calls to praise and prayer. The spire you see is diminished by distance and stands in a valley behind trees, but the building of which it forms a part is almost a cathedral in size, although the character of a village church, that most simple and touching



of all places of worship, has been retained as much as possible. Around it at a short distance, are various other chapels in which holy service is performed. On certain days, however,—even here, in this portion of the grounds—only sacred music of the best kind is to be heard. But if," he added, "we are to have the opportunity of extending our walk on that bank, we must not linger long here."

I was now reminded of what my companion had said on ascending, "that we should have little fatigue in retracing our steps," for a double rail some seven or eight feet above the way we had ascended, but most firmly supported, formed a path for a large car which waited but our addition to complete its number of occupants. By this we descended as down the "Russian mountains," rapidly but pleasantly round and round the outside of the dome, catching in our course renewed glimpses of what we had seen in our ascent, then diving within the building, and landing quietly and gently at last beneath the dome near the point from which we had set out.

In commencing a short survey of the interior of the building, my companion called my attention to how largely its actual cubic content were as he said "utilised." This was facilitated by its general lowness, and there being no galleries within the building, except in the dome, centre transept, and wings, the connection between these existing by the gallery all round the building outside, supported by a colonnade, which at the same time affords a covered walk or verandah beneath. The floor space beneath the dome (in which is a centre fountain), the Transepts, the Portico, and the centre of the Grand Avenue, is kept as one vast Promenade, and decorated with the choicest works of nature and art. Other portions of the building are set apart for other more special collections of painting, sculpture, and architecture, and for various departments of living nature and of science. One of these sections, protected by double glass, and which is especially interesting, is alive with the most beautiful, and in many cases the rarest and tenderest tropical birds—an immense aviary, in fact, in which they are born and live among their native trees and flowers. Even the cold regions also are represented within the walls of the palace, being in close neighbourhood to the ice-house, which affords to the visitors an unlimited supply of this summer luxury. Other rooms are fitted up for departments of special instruction, in which lectures are given on science and subjects of interest of the day.

Another most extensive portion of the covered space affords room for the marvels of manufacture, and the operations of active trade.

"As regarded the regulation of this last department," said my companion, "there existed great doubts at first among the directors. Their first idea was to confine the arrangement of these bazaars by the most stringent rules, so as to preserve a uniform appearance in the whole area: but great obstacles arose in this respect, and feeling that this was a scheme especially for the people, in which one of its chief interests (Commerce) ought to have free play, and perceiving the possibility that, with all their care, this cherished uniformity might not be effected by the means they proposed, they went round, as the sailors say, on the opposite tack wholly, and decided to give full leave to each individual to set out his own department, and his own property to the best advantage, according to his own ideas; and the variety thence arising has become one of the amusements of the place. It challenges no criticism as to uniformity, yet it almost achieves it by its very extreme of the opposite quality. And moreover every one is pleased, which is a great point.

On passing out at the centre transept to the view of the river front of the palace, which is Italian in the symmetry of its plan and the variety of its decoration, I was at once struck by the wealth of water presented to the view, which is indeed the life, the eye of landscape, without which the most beautiful scenes have somewhat dead and blind in their aspect. The Thames indeed here lent his aid "with a will." Besides its own expanse, and that of the beautiful palace bay and the long decorated basin spanned by graceful bridges, and running along the whole

front of the palace, seeming to hold a mirror up to it, and double its beauties; numerous other surfaces of limpid water, either limpid and unruffled, and reflecting the blue sky, and tenanted by fish of many colours, or wakened into life by fountains and cascades, refreshed the sight, and seemed to combine the whole scene together—the garden with the Thames, and that again with the glistening surface of the palace itself.

Ample walks presented themselves in all directions to the steps of the people; but no route seemed so much in favour with the people as that which, passing along the banks of the Thames itself, skirted the bay along its terraces, studded with the effigies of the great and good, and the varied streams that feed the Thames, and then, leading by the upward bank, passed over the many-pillared bridge, whence, returning along the willow shades of the opposite shore, it offered a passage at the lower end of the grounds, by many boats, again to the Palace Island.

Next to the Thames itself few features of the place seemed to please the good people more than the fountains, which abounded with many various appropriate fancies set forth in sculpture and skilful arrangements of water. I did not see two alike, and seldom were simple jets allowed to appear without being storied and illustrated in some graceful way by art. Apropos of these fountains, my companion observed that their low constant murmuring play, which is only naturally fed from a higher source without mechanical effort being employed, was to his taste "far more refreshing and soothing than 'geysers' of water that give an idea of a convulsion of nature—However," he added, "a *tour de force* now and then is very well, especially to please the many—and the directors have ample powers in this way here by means of a high reservoir in the woods, with the addition, I believe, of hydraulic pressure. By this means they can throw a jet in the centre of the front basin to the height of 300 feet or more, or within the building nearly as high if there be too much wind outside, which, however, there seldom is here, as the situation is protected. But these displays they keep for fêtes and great days, and the general effect of the gardens by no means depends on them."

"You see," he added, "in all these arrangements the directors acted under the impression that they had a great duty to perform to the public, to the subscribers, and to themselves. They commenced by choosing a site theoretically and practically good, connected with the highest associations of town and country that our island can afford, and they have regulated from the first the affair as economically as such a great and novel effort would allow." "The Thames," he continued, "which brought the materials of the palace and its decorations, now brings its visitors. The directors have closely allied the highest kind of instruction to recreation, refinement, and to commerce. They have laid their scheme out for the quiet and thoughtful, as well as the mere holiday-maker, and they have done all this with shrewd economy and forethought, wasting no cubic space in the palace, nor area in the garden. This site is, moreover, very easy and quick of access by water as well as by road and rail, and a working man can come here in summer without spoiling his whole day. Moreover, it is to the west of London; and mind you, sir, West End people do not like to go east, but East end people like very much to go west! The feeling that prompts this may be a weakness, but it is none the less for that an influential fact."

Thus saying he paused as we were descending to the next terrace to contemplate more closely the objects we had seen in the distance, and I took the opportunity of putting a question which had been on my lips for some time. "I am aware," I prefaced, "that we cannot be many miles away from Hammersmith, but would you add to the information you have already given me, by enlightening me as to our precise locality?"

He turned to answer me, and I leant forward to catch his words. I seemed however to trip on the steps, and in the effort to avoid a fancied fall, I woke, and instead of my matter-of-fact

friend and the People's Palace, I saw but a great bluebottle fly buzzing up and down my window pane!

My incomplete vision, however, on waking thoughts, appeared to possess some germs of not altogether nonsense: and so after breakfast I took pen in hand, and now send you the tangled thread my fancy wove last night.

ERILON.

## CURIOSITIES OF THE BERNAL SALE.

OUR "curiosities" will in this instance not comprise notices of the varieties offered at this remarkable sale for the gratification of virtuosi; we shall, in fact, consider the *virtuosi* themselves as the "curiosities," and the infatuation so skilfully excited among them by the dealers, as the greatest curiosity of all. They applauded their eagerness in the arena, and fomented it, much as the dog-fanciers excite their animals, by occasionally biting their tails to make them wrangle more briskly. A very good, but not very astounding collection of antiquities, has consequently realised an enormous price, and a sum that in the outset was named, and treated as an absurdity, has been exceeded now that the auctioneer has finished his labours. From twenty to five-and-twenty thousand pounds was believed to have been spent by Mr. Bernal in quietly filling his house with the varied collections thus brought to the hammer; and moderate men fancied that twice that sum, or about fifty thousand pounds, might be the total of the sale. Some, however, spoke of more, and got as far as fifty; while one bold speaker absolutely declared he had hopes of seeing it realise sixty; but he was pitied rather than listened to, as an enthusiast wanting in that coolness which should characterise the trade. He was, however, the cleverest of all, and the one who hit the mark nearest; but he had not shot far enough, for the sale actually realised the astounding sum of 62,000*l.* 18*s.* 2*d.* We say "astounding sum," because we feel sure no one could have calculated on it who looked over the collection before the sale, and who reasonably valued things at a fair market price; such as Mr. Bernal would have himself submitted to, and such only as he would have bought at. At the early part of this year we noted the means by which the excitement had been fostered and created. It will be curious here to note a few of the lots thus "sold" (along with their buyers) at what may be considered the great sale of the year.

When we talk of China, we feel prepared for a little folly, for, from the day of the first introduction to Europe of the porcelains of China and Japan, there has been a *furor* on that point. Ladies naturally doted upon it, and, in the days of Anne, bracketed and shelved every room of a house, so that they might line their walls therewith. Hogarth, in his print of "Taste in High Life," has immortalised the childish glee of the full-grown babies who dote over cups and saucers; but what would the stern old English painter have said had he seen or heard of eighty pounds given for one of the fragile receptacles for the liquid infusion. But as every beauty has her day, and must then sink neglected, so Dresden and Sevres has clashed with the East, and "cracked" the reputation of its brittle ware. Prices almost boundless have been obtained for the famed productions of France; the climax being reached by the Marquis of Hertford, who gave for a pair of vases the enormous sum of 1942*l.* 10*s.*; and here our "curiosities" begin, for Mr. Bernal had bought them for a couple of hundred pounds, though they have realised what would be considered as a handsome fortune for a small proprietor in the land of their fabrication. Not only did our overwealthy aristocracy thus disport themselves with their purses, our Government officials did the same, and Marlborough House rejoiced in the purchase of a soup-basin at the outlay of 125*l.*, and several cups and saucers at equally "reasonable" figures! We understand that some of the noble buyers have,



in the coolness of reflection repented of their bargains, but "the nation" is of course too great to groan over its mis-spent cash, although its income-tax be doubled.

The profits realised on some of the objects in this really wonderful sale can be only comprehended by a few facts. We shall quote two "curiosities" of the kind. A pair of small brass candlesticks, 5½ inches in height, covered with floral ornament in very coarse enamel, but having the magic inscription beneath, "Sir Thomas More, Knight, 1552," fetched 221 guineas! They were originally found behind the wainscoting of an old house in Chelsea, sold to a dealer for 8*l.*, and by him to Mr. Bernal for 25*l.* They were unsightly in form, and beneath criticism in decoration; nay, there were some among the connoisseurs who boldly declared them Flemish works of the latter end of the seventeenth century in spite of the magic inscription. They were very properly rebuked for such wickedness, yet they were men of good repute, and we fear still indulge in heresy—unconvinced even by the success attending lot 1300, which fetched 10 guineas, though composed of two articles of different ages, rudely soldered together, and which on inspection of the woodcut devoted to it in the catalogue, might assure a tyro was a "suspicious lot."

The grand coup among the antiquities was, however, the battle for the Lothair crystal, between the British Museum and Lord Londesborough; the former being victorious at the cost of 267*l.* The whole history of this relic is curious; it is a simple circular piece of crystal, measuring 4½ inches in diameter, rudely broken across the middle, and set in a copper frame. Its surface is incised with the history of Susannah, and the central inscription assures us that it was made by order of Lothair of France, in the tenth century; it was preserved in the Abbey of Vaser, on the Meuse, until the Revolution came, when it was cast forth, and ultimately came in a fractured condition to the hands of Barthelémy, the dealer, of Brussels, who parted with the unsightly antique for ten francs; the purchaser being Pratt, of Bond Street. Mr. Bernal happened to be idling in his shop when the case containing it arrived and was unpacked, and at once saw its antiquity and curiosity, and as quickly wished to be its owner. Its price was demanded, but on the spur of the moment the dealer scarcely knew what to say, having had no time to study his purchase; but, Mr. Bernal pressing the demand, he very honestly told him the price he had given, and also that he meant to get a good profit on the transaction! The francs were accordingly turned into guineas, and the transformation secured the prize to the collector. M. Didron, of Paris, the well-known archaeologist and author, in vain offered Mr. Bernal 100 guineas for his bargain, thus again multiplying the purchase money tenfold; the wisdom with which he held on, is proved by the ultimate result; though we believe M. Didron's offer to have been its fair value.

The majolica dish representing a porcelain-painter at work, which was sold scarcely seven years ago at the Stowe sale for 4*l.*, and bought by Mr. Bernal for 5*l.*, now fetched 120*l.* It would be imagined that at so famous a sale as Stowe, its fair value would be obtained, but not so think our officials; for it is bought for Marlborough House. We admit its interest, but believe its outside value to be 30*l.* We, however, do not wish to be otherwise than grateful whenever our Chancellor of the Exchequer will graciously allow anything for the purchase of works of art; but as so little is generally granted, like others we wish to get as much as we can for the money. It does not become the poor to dabble with the luxuries of the rich, and we are very poor indeed in all our public grants, and miserably mean in everything but governmental waste.

A piece of Palissy ware, bought originally in Paris for twelve francs, was secured at this sale by Baron Rothschild for 162*l.* It had been broken, but was mended; it had the characteristic lizards and reptiles over its surface, by which the ware is popularly known; but we remember a specimen of much finer kind many years in a window at Bruges, the price asked being about

40*l.* English, which was considered too preposterous by everybody; indeed, it was believed to have been put there as a bait to draw attention to the house and its minor antiques, and the price fixed to ensure this "great gun" a resting-place in the window for ever.

When we find pottery fetching the monstrous prices realised at this sale, German jugs which, a few years ago, curiosity dealers did not care to have at all in their shops, selling for several pounds each, and in one instance reaching over 40*l.*; when we see, also, a pair of plates realising 20*l.*, the same having been sold, twelve in a lot, at Strawberry Hill, at the rate of 3*l.* 10*s.* a lot; when old keys fetch 10*l.*, and spoons "follow suit," we should be lost in amazement, did we not know how cleverly many dealers had baited the trap, and how ingeniously they had excited the dormant energies of the wealthy collectors. There was no risk on their parts in consequence, the "commission" profits became a dead certainty; and "the game was made" by lashing up excitement to fever heat, and taking the result from all who would buy in haste to repent at leisure. No wonder that a floating report circulated to the effect that the auctioneers themselves feared some "rigging," and that these fancy prices might not turn out real on settling day. It was a natural but an unfounded fear, and the monied buyers have paid up; the nation has also paid something like 12,000*l.* for its share of the amusement. So far, the sellers are safe; the buyers can now look at their treasures, and reflect on what they cost the collector, and whether it would not be equally easy to visit a few dealers as he did, instead of fighting over an auctioneer's table to the delectation and profit of commission agents.

#### THE SHEFFIELD SCHOOL OF DESIGN.

THE annual meeting of this School was held in the large saloon of the Music Hall on the 3rd ult., the Right Hon. John Parker in the chair. It is to be regretted that the attendance was not so large as it has been on former occasions; though there was no falling off in the number of ladies, yet there was not such a muster of the merchants and manufacturers of the town as might have been expected, seeing that their prosperity must in a large measure depend on progress being made in such studies as are pursued at the School of Design. The Report stated that at the two last exhibitions at Gore House, 21 medals were awarded to pupils of this school; two had received prize studentships; two had been appointed pupil teachers, receiving from Government 10*l.* each annually; and three students had received prizes of 8*l.* each, to enable them to go to the Paris Exhibition. The students of the past year were—males, 240; females, 52. From the financial statement it appears that the Government grant was 520*l.*; the students' fees, 220*l.*; subscriptions, 204*l.*. The principal expenses were—rent, 80*l.*; salaries, of masters and assistant secretary, 652*l.*; attendants, 58*l.*; expenses, 128*l.* The chairman delivered a long and elaborate address, in which he dwelt on the advantages of an artistic education, earnestly recommended the study of Grecian models, spoke of the importance of provincial schools, and held that while they would be delighted to see the metropolis become a modern Athens, fostering the genius of another Phidias, still, where all contributed to her Majesty's exchequer, they had a right to expect that the provinces should not be neglected, and that the seats of eminent trade which had made this country distinguished for centuries, ought to share in the munificence of government and of parliament.—R. J. Gainsford, Esq., in moving the first resolution, delivered a speech full of sound views, clearly and eloquently expressed. In the course of his remarks, he showed that circumstances were occurring to open to his fellow-townsmen wide and magnificent prospects. If they used the opportunity as they ought, it would be of great importance to the country, but to neglect it would be attended with very different results. Referring to the prospect of an extended commercial intercourse with France, he spoke of our neighbours being noted for their taste, and for the beauty of their illustrations in every work of art and skill.

The Sheffield School of Design is under the superintendence of Mr. Young Mitchell, who spares neither time nor exertions to advance its welfare.

#### THE ROYAL PICTURES.

##### THE VILLAGE FÊTE.

D. Teniers, Painter. J. Outhwaite, Engraver.  
Size of the Picture, 2 ft. 9 in. by 4 ft.

EITHER our ideas of the Dutch character are altogether wrong, or the great painters of that nation have misrepresented their countrymen. We have learned to consider them as a plodding, phlegmatic, heavy race, both in body and mind,—dull, and with as little sunshine in the soul as their broad and low meadows have of the brightness of heaven; and yet, if their artists have exhibited them aright, men and meadows are green with vitality, health, and enjoyment. Mezu, Terburg, and Mieris have showed us that the young Hollander can play the gallant with as much *esprit*, if not with so courtly a grace, as the Spaniard or Frenchman of his time; while Teniers, Ostade, Brauwer, and others have left us such records of rustic fêtes, merry-making, and carousals, as to satisfy us that the more humble classes among the Dutch were—and doubtless still are—not very far behind their neighbours in their relish of feasting and recreation. This pleasure-loving is, we admit, not always shown in its most attractive and commendable form; but the genius of frolic—"Laughter, holding both his sides"—presides over the rites and ceremonies of a Dutch carousal, or the dance.

Of the class of painters the last referred to, David Teniers, the Younger—as he is generally designated, to distinguish him from his father, an artist of very considerable merit, but far less known—takes the first rank, as the most original and varied in his compositions, and successful in his treatment of them. He was born at Antwerp in 1610, and in early life adopted the style of painting which he had acquired from his father. In colour this style inclined to a mopetuous brown, which, however, was soon exchanged for one more silvery and sparkling. Yet it was some time before he met with much encouragement, and occasionally he even had the mortification to find the works of his pupil, the younger Tilburg, preferred to his own. At length, however, the Archduke Leopold William of Austria, who was then governor of the Low Countries, having seen and admired some of his pictures, gave him a commission to paint several for his collection, appointed him director of his gallery, and entrusted him with the task of purchasing such works of the Italian and Dutch Schools as might be deemed worthy of being placed therein. Many of these pictures Teniers copied most successfully.

Of his numerous village fêtes, that in the Royal Collection which is here engraved is esteemed one of his best. It is thus described in Smith's "Catalogue," where it is marked No. 496:—"A Village Fête, near the walls of a château. Amidst the festive meeting are five couples dancing to the sound of a violin, played by a man who stands on the top of a cask. On the right" (the left of the spectator), "is a group composed of a gentleman in black (the *Seigneur du Village*) with his lady at his side, and four children, the youngest of whom is standing in its nurse's lap, who is seated on the ground; a peasant appears to be inviting his eldest daughter to follow the example of her brother, who has joined the ring; and in the left foreground" (the right of the spectator) "are a man and a woman near a well, and a pigeon-house. There are about thirty-one figures in this composition. This is a picture of superior beauty." Dr. Waagen writes thus of it:—"In this carefully painted picture, of a truly brilliant tone, Teniers, who imitated various masters with so much skill, has, in the *Seigneur* and his family, very happily approached Gonzales Coques in conception and colouring." It is strange that so fine a work should have once formed a cover to a pianoforte. Smith informs us it was sold, in 1800, from the collection of M. Geldermester, for 360*l.*; he now values it at 800 guineas. It is signed, and dated 1644, when the painter was in the meridian of his fame. He died at Brussels in 1694, at the advanced age of eighty-four.

The "Village Fête" is on panel; it is in the Gallery at Buckingham Palace.





# THE VILLAGE FÊTE.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE ROYAL COLLECTION.

LONDON: PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETOR.

2 TENIERS PRINCE







# BRITISH ARTISTS: THEIR STYLE AND CHARACTER.

WITH ENGRAVED ILLUSTRATIONS.

No. X.—THOMAS WEBSTER, R.A.



HERE exists among us a class of Art which has not, so far as our own observation extends, its counterpart in any nation of Europe: it seems indigenous to the English soil, and thrives with us, though the natural gravity of the English character, as we are generally represented by foreigners, would appear to be unfavourable to its growth and healthy development. But this estimate of the national disposition is scarcely a just one; on the pure Saxon stock, heavy and solid, has been grafted the light-heartedness of the old Norman, and, to a considerable extent, the love of fun and humour which distinguishes the Celtic tribes, so that till the cares and anxieties of business, by which as a great commercial people we are all too much influenced, choke up or turn aside into other channels the springs of merriment, we believe the Englishman to be as keenly sensible of what is ludicrous, and as much inclined to enjoy the comicities of life, as the inhabitant of any country under the sun.

It would be difficult to designate the class of Art of which we have now to speak: it is humorous, but not of the sort of humour which Brauer, Ostade, and other painters of the Low Countries practised; this was of a low and vulgar character; nor of that which the pencils of Teniers, Hogarth, and Wilkie represented—their models were men: Mulready was the first to find subjects for his Art in the sports and mischievous dispositions of boys—a field on which Webster has since widely expatiated, and in which he stands without a rival; for the "boys" of W. Hunt, the water-colour painter, are of another description altogether.

Thomas Webster, R.A., was born on the 20th of March 1800, in Ranelagh Street, Pimlico: his father, being attached to the household of George III. took his child in its infancy to Windsor, where he remained till the death of the venerable monarch. Young Webster was educated

in the choir of the Chapel Royal, St. James's, his father being desirous of making a chorister of him, but like Hoppner, who was in the choir of the Chapel Royal, and Calcott in that of Westminster Abbey, Webster preferred the art of painting to the practice of music. We know not what the world has lost as a vocalist by the preference, but we are sure it has thereby gained an original and most excellent painter.

Whether, as a boy, Mr. Webster took more delight in "Going into School," or in "Coming out of School;" whether he stood in awe of the Dominie's "Frown," and laughed at his "Joke;" whether he was one of the party of "Birdcatchers," joined in the "Gunpowder Plot," and was the lucky "Boy who had many Friends:" of these and other matters of like import we are in profound ignorance, and must leave our readers in the same condition; but we will venture to assert that in all the sports he has so aptly represented on his canvases, he played his part, and from them stored his youthful mind with recollections that have answered the purpose of his after life, better than the "Commentaries" of Cæsar, if he ever read them, or the distractions of duodecimals and algebraic problems, if he ever worked them out on his oak-framed slate.

In 1820 he entered the Royal Academy as a student, and in 1825 obtained the first medal in the School of Painting. Having, in 1825, been fortunate in painting a little picture, entitled "Rebels Shooting a Prisoner," exhibited at Suffolk Street, it at once brought him into notice, so that the difficulties which many young painters find in early life, and their consequent privations, were alike unfelt by him: these difficulties and privations are arduous and painful enough to check all except the most ardent spirits, but when once surmounted, he who has overcome regards them from his vantage-ground with unqualified satisfaction.

The first of his exhibited pictures of which we possess any record, except that just mentioned, was one sent to the Royal Academy in 1827, a portrait picture we presume, the "Children of T. Drane, Esq.:" the next year he contributed the "Gunpowder Plot" to the Academy, and in 1829 "The Prisoner," and "A Foraging Party roused," to the British Institution. Of these and earlier works which Mr. Webster forwarded to our public galleries, we can only give the titles; our recollection of these does not extend so far back as to justify any critical comment, and we have no materials on which we can rely to aid us in the task now undertaken. In 1830 he sent to the British Institution "The Sick Child;" in 1831 he exhibited nothing, but in 1832 there hung on the walls of the British Institution "The Card-Players," a "Sketch of a Cottage," "The



Engraved by

BEE-BAW.

(J. &amp; G. F. Nicholls.

Effects of Intemperance," and "The Love-Letter;" and on those of the Academy, "The Smugglers." In 1833 he had at the Academy "The Lantern," and "A Village School." The year 1834 was a blank; but in the next he exhibited "Late at School,"\* and "Reading the Scriptures," at the British Institution; and "Bird-catchers," and "The Intercepted Letter," at the Academy, where also, in 1836, he sent a pair of subjects, "Going into School," and "Coming out of School;" in 1837, "Returning from the Fair;" and, in 1838, "Breakfast."

\* This is the picture, we believe, which is now in the "Vernon Collection," and which was engraved in the *Art-Journal* under the title of "The Truant."

All this time the artist was gradually winning his way to public favour; every class saw in his humorous compositions what could not fail to amuse, and therefore to please; for his humour, like that of all Dickens's droll fellows, is never coarse; it never touches caricature. His characters are invariably true to nature, though in her most ludicrous aspect—nature which both old and young could understand and appreciate. If his Art is not what some call "High Art," (a term not satisfactorily defined), it is so agreeable, and contains so much of truth, that one is always inclined to make acquaintance with it: it shows us the sunny side of nature, recalls the memories of our own boyish days, or of some scene we may have chanced to witness during the pilgrimage of a life.

At the period of which we are writing, it was a common practice with artists—especially such as had achieved a reputation—to send to the British Institution, only pictures which had been previously exhibited at the Academy, but we do not find that Mr. Webster followed this plan; he contributed to this society, in 1839, two pictures, one "The Rat-Trap," boys inspecting its contents; the other called "Anticipation," a baker's lad bringing home a pie, for which a hungry-looking boy waits anxiously at the door of his cottage home, standing, "like a greyhound in the slip," with a cloth tucked up under his chin, a spoon in his hand, his mouth half-open in "anticipation" of the savoury plateful: the boy, however, is not a glutton, he is in rude health, and exercise seems to have sharpened his hunger. There is a striking contrast to his eagerness in the quiet indifference with which the servant-girl, or, more probably, his elder sister, takes in the homely dinner. His Academy picture of this year, "Football," was considered the best he had yet painted; a group of village urchins are in the full excitement of the game, which they follow up in the most vigorous manner; of course Mr. Webster must show some "fun" among the players; consequently, a boy has received a kick, and in his agony seizes one of his companions by the hair; another boy has had his cap pressed over his eyes by some mischief-lovers; while another, who is kneeling in the foreground of the composition, rubs himself to relieve the pain occasioned by a chance blow given in the *mêlée*. The picture is full of animation, the figures are most skilfully grouped, and very carefully finished. In 1840, he exhibited at the Royal Academy

another picture, full of grotesque incident and individual character, a group of young and old absorbed by the interest which the performance of Punch is always sure to create. Here are listeners of all sorts, sizes, and degrees; some of the young portion of the audience alarmed, others wondering whether Toby will really be suspended on the gibbet, and others, more experienced in these melodramatic exhibitions, enjoying the whole affair to their heart's content. In the distance a host of boisterous urchins, just discharged from the village school, is rushing towards the show, just in time to be in at the death of some one of the actors for whom the executioner's noose is prepared. There is a touching little episode in the picture that tells us the artist has a feeling heart for the sorrowful, no less than an imagination that makes "Laughter hold both her sides:" not far from the theatrical box stand a widow and her orphan children, waiting for a waggon that approaches in the distance; the vehicle will most probably convey them for ever from the home of their past happiness; they have no merry faces wherewith to greet Punch; their hearts are desolate as their countenances are sad, and the more so because distress always weighs more heavily when it has to be borne with the sunshine of happiness all around. It may, perhaps, be asked why the painter has thus chequered his sunlight with a deep shadow; and we answer, because, as a skilful painter, he knows the contrast must greatly heighten the general effect. He sent this year a small picture, entitled "Peeping Tom," to the British Institution.

In the following year, 1841, the name of Mr. Webster appears in the



Engraved by]

THE FIFTY BOY.

[J. &amp; G. F. Nicholls.

list of Associates of the Royal Academy, an honour to which he had proved a just claim; he was elected with the now Sir Charles Barry and Mr. Redgrave. He exhibited three pictures this year, and they were three which we think he has never surpassed. Two of them, the "Smile" and the "Frown," are so well known from the engravings published by the "Art-Union of London," that it would be a waste of our time and space to enlarge upon them. The third, the "Boy and many Friends," we perfectly remember was one of the great points of attraction in the room where it hung; it represents a schoolboy who had just received a package of good things from home, and he is consequently surrounded by a group of his companions, all anxious to aid in disinterring the treasures, to lend a knife or a corkscrew, or anything else the owner of the packet and its contents might require; it is quite wonderful how the heart of a schoolboy opens under the encouraging prospect of a goodly interest for his loan. This picture was noticed in the following terms in our Journal at the time it was exhibited; we can now say neither more nor less of it than we then wrote.—"One of the best works in the collection; carefully drawn, ably coloured, and excellent as a composition; it is full of humour too, in no degree exaggerated; the expression of each member of the group is admirably true—calling forcibly to mind our school-days, and sending the heart back half a century, to the joys and fears that have never since been half so real as they were in boyhood. We seldom see a work of Mr. Webster's that we do not believe we could ourselves have

described to him every point and character it contains. There is a wonderful 'fitness' in all which he does; he is, moreover, a master in the comparatively minor attributes of the artist. The play of line in the composition, the minute variations in expression, the gradation from the warm to the cool light, the transparency of the shadows, and the adaptation of the background are all admirable, and indicate with what surety Mr. Webster's conceptions once formed are carried out."

There was a charming little picture by this artist, occupying the "post of honour," as the place over the fireplace is generally thought to be, in the British Institution in 1842; it was called the "Wanderer," and represented a young Italian boy with a box of white mice, which he is showing to some children at the door of their cottage. The contrast in the faces of the "Wanderer," weary and exiled, and those of the children in humbler but comfortable quarters at home, is very happily expressed—the group all sunshine and delight, the little Italian sorrowful and careworn. In the Royal Academy he had three pictures this year, the "Grandmother," an elderly dame teaching her little grandson to read, or rather attempting to teach him, for the child appears to be attending to everything but the task he has to learn. Another called the "Impenitent" represents an incorrigible urchin on whom punishment or reward would seem to be alike ineffective to bring him into something like discipline; he is for ever in trouble; and now for some high crime or misdemeanour is expatriated from the school-room, and made to do penance in a sort of kitchen where he stands, book



in hand, looking the impersonation of boyish hardihood, we had almost written "villainy"; however, a change may come o'er the spirit of his dream, ere he grows up to be a man, and he may yet prove himself a respectable member of society. The third picture "Going to School," introduces the spectator into the interior of an apartment strewn with boxes, parcels, and a profusion of items such as an indulgent mother would provide for her pet on his departure for boarding school: she has amply taken care of his bodily comforts external and internal; if the master succeeds in furnishing the head in an equal ratio the boy will turn out a clever fellow; but we fear maternal fondness will spoil him. The general composition of this picture is very skilful, and all the details are most true in drawing and colour.

Mr. Webster's single picture of the year 1843, we will venture to say, drew forth as many sighs from the spectators as his former productions had elicited smiles; it portrayed one of those touching incidents which show that the artist's harp is not always tuned to merriment, but that sometimes it hangs upon the willows: the picture is called "Sickness and Health." A young girl on whose features the death-warrant is set, is seated propped up by pillows at a cottage door; before it an Italian organ-grinder is playing his instrument to the music of which two children, younger than the poor invalid, are dancing: all the characters very ably sustain the intention of the artist, and are full of interest.

What would Mr. Webster have done for subjects for his pencil had there been no such folk in the world as incorrigible boys, idle boys, mischievous boys, funny boys, &c.? We find a group of the latter, in a picture exhibited at the British Institution in 1844, gathered round a housewife's washing tub, in which a boat of home manufacture with a paper sail is "boxing the compass" of "Contrary Winds"—the title of the work—issuing from the inflated cheeks of these juvenile Æoli, whose greatest delight it seems to be to effect opposing currents, so that in the mimic tornado the little craft will surely be swamped. In one of his two Academy pictures the artist

stepped aside from his usual course to pay a tribute of filial affection to his aged parents by painting their portraits to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage: the aged couple are seated side by side; the picture, a small one, is a gem of its class. The other is called the "Pedlar;" he is displaying his box of trinkets and finery to a country-woman and her daughter: it is a work of merit—for the painter could not produce anything that is not good—but the subject is not treated to have especial interest. In the following year Mr. Webster was elected Royal Academician; his sole contribution to the exhibition was the "Dame's School"—now in the Vernon collection; a large engraving of this picture has been published by Mr. Hogarth, and a small one appeared in the *Art-Journal* not very long ago, so as to render further comment unnecessary.

"Please remember the grotto,  
Only once a-year,"

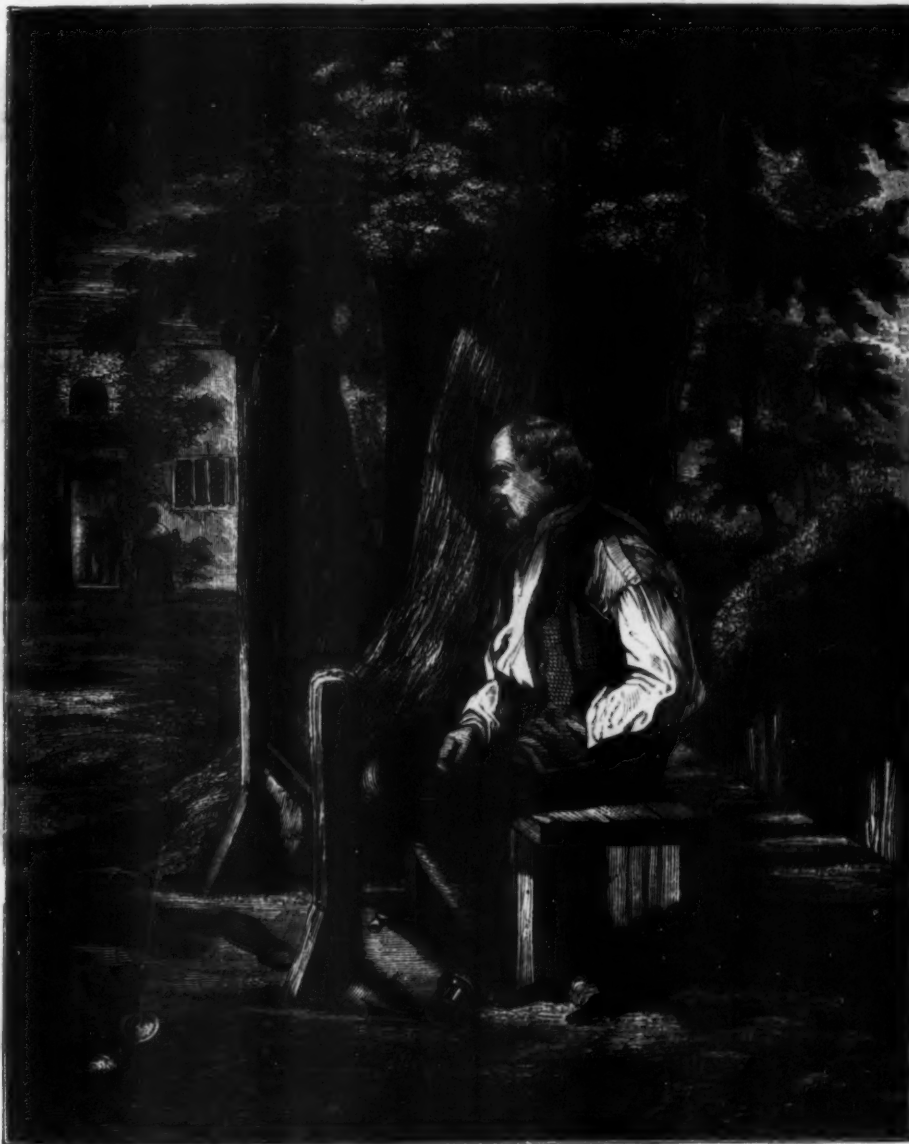
was the motto appended to one of his pictures exhibited in 1846: a

semicircle of children of both sexes with outstretched hands, and in each an oyster-shell, are soliciting the donations of the passers-by. The expression of these grotto mendicants is most amusing because most natural, their importunity is irresistible; the eldest boy is a bold beggar, he has been a grotto-builder many years, and has acquired confidence by success and experience; his application is of the Jack Sheppard kind,—he is a highwayman who bids you "stand and deliver;" the youngest looking of the party is a little girl, by no means mistress of the business in which she is engaged; she holds out her shell timidly, and hangs down her head as if half ashamed of the act of begging. All the characters in this admirably painted picture are the result of close study, and an intimate knowledge of the "order" to which they belong. Under the title of "Good-night," the artist exhibited also a subject representing the interior of a rural cottage, occupied by the family of an honest yeoman, one of the class which in these days capital and a system of extensive farming have converted into day-labourers: the ancient yeoman who

tilled his small number of acres—from fifty to a hundred, and very often his own freehold—is now also among the extinct races, a victim to the Moloch of wealth; but we cannot stop to lament his decay,—besides, we should get political, and perhaps angry, which would be out of place and unseemly here. In Mr. Webster's picture the farmer and the elder portion of his family have sat down to supper; the younger children are bidding all "good-night" ere they retire to bed; it is a scene in which contentment and domestic happiness are the inmates of this rustic home.

Of the three pictures exhibited by Mr. Webster in 1847, one was a charming portrait of a little girl, Miss Ellen Young; the second, called "Instruction," a small, but characteristic work, in which an old lady has fallen to sleep while she is teaching her grandson to read; the latter, quite unconscious of this fact, is still busy in disentangling the letters of some difficult word, evidently beyond his comprehension. The third, and the most important of the three, was a picture suggested by a description in

one of the tales of Washington Irving's inimitable "Sketch-Book," where Frank Bracebridge promises to favour his friends with a specimen of the musical achievement of his cousin Simon in forming a "Village Choir," in the church which did not possess an organ; Simon, for this purpose, had formed a choir of all the parish vocalists and instrumentalists, selecting "for the bass all the deep solemn mouths, and for the tenor the loud ringing mouths, among the country bumpkins." In the gallery of the church, therefore, is about as motley an assemblage of choristers as can well be imagined: the leader of the choir, a spare figure in an ill-fitting suit of rusty black, is singing most lustily, his open mouth discovering the loss of so many of his teeth as must make his intonation far from distinct: to the right and left of the leader are ranged the vocalists—anything but "sweet singers of Israel," and the performers on bassoon, violoncello, clarinet, &c., each of whom is unquestionably extracting as much "power" from his instrument as lungs and a strong arm can respectively produce. The composition is full of humorous incident,



Engraved by

H. FENNERSON.

[J. &amp; G. F. Nicholls.]



carried out with the careful execution which has always distinguished the style of this painter.

The "Interior Economy of Dotheboys' Hall" is a small sketchy picture, exhibited in 1848; in it we recognise poor Smike engaged in performing the menial task of "shoeing" the young heir of the "hall," whose mother is busy in the school-room rostrum, portioning out the brimstone and treacle to the pupils of the establishment. A far more interesting work, because less painful to the imagination, is the "Rubber," exhibited the same year; we quote the criticism of the *Art-Journal* on this picture: "The scene is, perhaps, the kitchen of a village ale-house, in which is assembled a party deep in a rubber of whist, the winning and losing hands being defined with inimitable power of description. The easy complacency which is settled on the features of two of the players, shows the side fortune has taken on this particular occasion. The face of one of the adverse party is full of embarrassment and thought, while that of his partner lowers with impatience and dissatisfaction. The characters are distinct individualities, each declaring that silent but deep interest peculiar to habitual whist players. But the character and expression are not the only eminent qualities which give value to this work; it is the beautiful

realization of the lights that break upon the figures from the open window, and the masterly painting of the reflected lights by which some of the faces are seen. In purity of colour, definite character, and thoughtful purpose, this is the most valuable production the painter has ever exhibited;" and we may add that it is altogether free from the vulgarities which generally disfigure similar subjects by the old Dutch painters.

Of his two pictures of the following year, "Saw-Saw," and the "Slide," the former constitutes one of our illustrations; the mischievous humour of the bigger boy, who has "hoisted" his companion and keeps him at the elevation, to his infinite terror, is admirably expressed; while one can almost hear the chuckle of the looker-on, who is seated on the trunk of the tree, nursing the child. The "Slide" is, perhaps without an exception, the most amusing picture which even this humorous artist has composed; one has only to fancy about fifty village boys on a pond of ice, engaged in all the trickeries which the sport, of a necessity, seems to involve, and all the mishaps to which its votaries are subject, and we have then an idea of the "fun" the artist has embodied on his canvases: the work is inimitable, and must be seen to be appreciated in all its drollery and variety of character: in colour and execution it is perfect.



Engraved by]

SKETCHING FROM NATURE.

[J. & G. F. Nicholls.

Our space will only permit us to add a list of his subsequent works; they are of so recent a date as to be fresh in the memory of our readers, all of whom must either have seen them or have perused our critical remarks when they appeared in the Academy; still we choose to give their titles, in order to complete our catalogue of Mr. Webster's principal pictures. In 1850, he exhibited a "Study from Nature," a boy in the interior of a cottage eating from a porringer; the "Cherry-seller;" a "Peasant's Home," and a "Farm-house Kitchen." In 1851, a "Chimney Corner," "Attraction," an Italian boy performing on a sort of hurdy-gurdy to some children at the door of a cottage; and the "Portrait of a Lady." In 1852, a "School Play-ground," "A. B. C.," a title that explains itself, "A Letter from the Colonies," and the "Daughters of F. Young, Esq." In 1853, another "Dame's School." In 1854, "A Villager's Offering," "A Breakfast Party;" and in the present year, "Spring, the first of a series of the Seasons," and "A Race."

Of the four illustrations we introduce as examples of the "style and character" of Mr. Webster's pencil, the first is from his later works, the three others are from his earliest pictures, never exhibited; they show the germ of that humour and genuine drollery displayed throughout the whole of his artistic career. These three small works were in the

possession of the late Mr. Wadmore, of Tottenham, and were sold with the rest of his collection by Messrs. Christie & Manson, last year. Mr. Wadmore might probably have paid for them about 25*l.* each, perhaps not so much, for they were bought, we believe, when the name of the painter was "unknown to fame," and so far as our records and information extend, they were not purchased from an exhibition room. The auctioneers knocked down "Il Penseroso," for 262*l.* 10*s.*! "The Dirty Boy," for 346*l.* 10*s.*!! and "Sketching from Nature," for 369*l.* 12*s.*!!! or something very near to 1000*l.* for the three. If this is not a profitable investment of capital, allowing even for the interest and compound interest of the purchase money through a term of twenty or thirty years, we know not what is; we commend this fact—by no means an isolated one in the annals of picture-dealing—to some of our large capitalists and speculators in the city; with this proviso, however, that they first of all attain such a knowledge of good Art as to enable them to discover the germs of future greatness: it is only in this way they can expect to "realise."

We confess a strong partiality for the inimitable works of this most original painter; they are pictures affording real pleasure: whether we regard their masterly execution as artistic productions, or the cheerful and amusing subjects he illustrates, they are equally most acceptable.

FRENCH CRITICISM ON  
BRITISH ART.

We present our readers with some further specimens of opinions expressed by the best Parisian periodical and journalist critics respecting our English works in the Exhibition of Beaux Arts. From almost all the organs of the press, notices more or less discriminative, more or less dispassionate, were preferred on this attractive theme. Upon reviewing the reviewers, however, we have felt occasion to be struck with the absence from their lucubrations of anything like a fine, searching, analytic spirit. Not a little of long-winded description of the subject-matter of our paintings—not a little of bald *dicta*—but rare, indeed, have been the instances where these Daniels come to judgment preferred a vigorous, striking and subduing reason for the faith that was in them. When we have found this finer metal, we have grasped at it and put it forth scrupulously, even though not untinctured, at times, with an alloy of prejudice.

The *Moniteur*, of May 23, thus gives its opinion on the merits of Mr. Ward:—"The Execution of Montrose," and "The Last Sleep of Argyle," are, in all respects, of the true historic type, and, moreover, are not too deeply impressed with the stamp of the British School. In the "Montrose," there are passages of much vigour, but, on the whole, we give the preference to "Argyle." Argyle sleeps well; his form lies without rigidity or stiffness on the prison pallet. There is, however, a slight touch of the melodramatic in the figure of him in the moroon cloak, who, from under the pent-house of his black peruke, contemplates the sleeper.

"Mr. Ward has exhibited another picture, which may also be deemed historic, notwithstanding its moderate dimensions, viz., 'The Royal Family in the Temple.' It is plain that Mr. Ward, like our Delaroche, has a taste for the pathetic, and takes up tragedies in the fifth act. Here Louis XVI. sleeps on his couch; the Queen and Madame Elizabeth work beside him in silence, and the young Dauphin ceases to pursue his games. This picture, finished as it is with scrupulous care, will, we doubt not, prove a greater favourite with the public at large, than the other two, to which it is inferior."

In a notice of Mr. Ward in the *Revue des Beaux Arts*, there is the following brief stricture, which, as the picture to which it has reference is now about to be transferred, in a different vehicle and larger size, to the walls of the Palace of Westminster, may be worth his consideration. There is, we should venture to suggest, a *scintilla* of truth in it.

"Ward," says the *Revue*, "is a colourist. He has, in fact, in his colour a power and dramatic ideality, which he fails to impart to physiognomical expression. His head of Argyle is that of a goodly parson reposing in commonplace tranquillity; while, on the other hand, the tone of the composition is at once rich and sombre, brilliant and profound. In the midst of this dangerous richness, the lights sparkle, and only take part in the general harmony by the intensity which they have, in common with the rest of the canvas. Unfortunately, the whole has a silky lustrousness, which glistens equally on the floor of the prison and the green coverlet so boldly thrown across the bed—on the walls, as on the moroon mantle of him who visits the dungeon to bring the prisoner to the scaffold. This defect is still more strongly felt in 'The Execution of Montrose,' where it has no set-off in the arrangement and general effect of the subject." \*

\* M. Lavergne, in a series of able and liberal criticisms on the English school, published in the *Constitutionnel*, a paper which seems to have escaped the notice of our correspondent in Paris, makes the following remarks on the pictures of Mr. E. M. Ward:—"Mr. Ward exhibits four pictures.—'The Execution of Montrose,' a dramatic composition, but which has not been very successful; 'The Sleep of Argyle,' boldly and naturally painted, and which has been more highly appreciated: in this picture the interest is produced by a simplicity of means which pleases us: the whole of the composition is very remarkable, and the head of the sleeping Duke seems to us very fine. The third picture of Mr. Ward, 'The South Sea Bubble,' represents one of those comic scenes which can only be well understood by those who know what a joke is in England (*qui savent rire en An-*

Maclise and Rothwell are thus noticed by the *Revue des Beaux Arts*:—"At times one would be led to believe that the English painted with both hands—the one artistic, the other uncouth. In the 'Ordeal by Touch' of Maclise, some parts are richly and broadly done. Such is the group of soldiers drawn up behind the altar, and whose armour has the true metallic reflex; such, also, the widow of the slain man, who appeals to the bleeding wound of the victim, and, with an action a little too theatric, solemnly accuses the murderer. The remainder is grey and dry; the flesh-tints, particularly, are harsh to the eye, seamed, and reddish, like terra-cotta.

"I do not, however, take it that this is a conventional tint, as, in some of the Italian theatres, the female dancers wear green drawers to meet the scruples of English prudery. Were this so, Mr. Rothwell's 'Calisto' would have been especially painted to violate the rule. The nude figure of the smiling nymph reclines in unstudied grace upon the turf—an ideal of voluptuousness. Her knees gently bent, are pressed together—one arm is thrown up towards her head, and the hand carelessly interlaces with her tresses. An imaginative landscape foreground of verdure and misty middle distance, make the scene harmonise with its ethereal occupant. The

*glais*, but which a comparison with another picture by the same painter, 'The Royal Family of France in the Temple,' seems to reveal the situation in which a large number of the artists of England, and even of France, find themselves. The former of these canvases addresses itself to the guineas of some 'hypochondriac gentleman,' who would prove his seriousness in the face of a piquinade. The second is one of those *satisfactions* which is now and then permitted to a man of feeling, who has the rare advantage of being above necessity, and who says to himself, 'I will make this picture for myself.' Under this title, 'The Royal Family in the Temple,' we should expect to see represented one of the heart-rending scenes of which the walls of the Temple were witnesses, as, the head of Madame de Lamballe carried past the windows, or, the farewell of the King. But the aspect, calm and almost familiar, of Mr. Ward's composition, surprises at once: accordingly, several critics have spoken of it with contempt, and could only see in the picture that the accessories were too much studied, the figures cold and actionless, and in the sleeping monarch a comfortable citizen clad in his loose gown enjoying a siesta after his dinner. The crowd, constantly arrested by this work, do not so judge it; they are moved by the simple and touching representation, which, by the interest it excites, puts aside the occupation of the critic. We have done as the crowd, and this confession discharges us from all other eulogy: we shall confine ourselves to a description of the picture. Mr. Ward has represented the interior of the Temple. The royal family is here assembled, guarded by the gendarmes, whom we see in the distance. Near a table are seated the Queen, Madame Elizabeth, and Madame Royale. The Dauphin is playing at their feet. Louis XVI., stretched on a small pallet bed, is in one of those calm slumbers which a quiet conscience obtains in the midst of the most painful situations. At the bottom of a narrow window which lights the figure is a crucifix: his journal, his papers, perhaps his will, are near him. His clasped hands seem to indicate that even in sleep he is engaged in prayer to Him by whose inscrutable Providence he has been chosen as an expiatory sacrifice. The Queen stoops in her work, and lets fall upon her knees a garment of the King's which she has been occupied in repairing. The little Dauphin plays noiselessly, as a child accustomed to respect the sorrows he has begun to comprehend. Madame Elizabeth, with the mournful serenity of a guardian angel, works and watches the young prince. Madame Royale, standing near the Queen, is arranging some flowers in a vase, and her young and charming person appears to illumine the prison with a ray of hope. The furniture, taken from the dismantled Tuilleries, contrasts by its richness with the gloomy and naked walls of the Temple. On a carved sideboard stands a terrestrial globe, which recalls the favourite study of the King and the Dauphin. Over all the infamous gaolers have affixed a placard of the noted 'Declaration of the Rights of Man and of the Citizen.' A simple curtain separates the prisoners from the ignoble group of gaolers, who are amusing themselves and drinking in their own portion of the apartment: one of them has drawn aside the curtain, and sends forth a puff of tobacco-smoke among the royal captives, but they pay no heed to it. Those insolent keepers, that placard, the tricoloured scarf on the young Dauphin, all these recall the miseries of the prisoners in the Temple; but that which admirably redeems these troubles is the majestic countenance of Marie-Autoinette. The most profound grief is imprinted there,—the sorrow of the mother, the sister, the wife, the sovereign, but the Christian shines through all; she is dignified and passive. Her eyes, weary with weeping, are not fixed upon any one in particular of those who surround her; they appear to see and to mourn over all with indescribable anguish. We feel that the captive Queen does not possess that tranquillity which gives to Louis his perfect resignation to the will of God. The martyr-king sleeps in the Temple as Saint Louis slept in the prisons of Mansourah, and the Revolutionists ridicule that which won the admiration of the Sarracens."—[Ed. A. J.]

figure is charmingly painted, breathing the luminous freshness and fragrance of the rose. Its carmines of mellowest tone seem to dissolve into an exquisite lambent azure. The limbs are delicately modelled—the knees of most refined marking, and the ankles perfect as a gem of most exquisite cutting. I do not say that this is the ideal of the Greeks—the beauty of the antique marble, in which the male and female types seem to have been combined—it is the recognised beauty of modern times—the aristocratic Venus of the nineteenth century, such as she reveals herself in the ball-room—the *chef-d'œuvre* of transcendent civilisation."

Mr. Webster has the good fortune, for the most part, to have pleased the French critics, although they have not let him off without one or more of their good-natured brushes. The *Moniteur* (June 2) thus discusses him:—

"In proportion as Millais and Hunt alienate themselves from the accustomed style of the English school, does Mr. Webster, on the other hand, cling to and abide by it. He reminds us of Mulready without having uniformly the same masterly precision, the same force of palette, the same vigour of expression. He is, however, a very agreeable painter, an harmonious colourist, delicate in his touch and finely subtle in delineating character."

Having minutely described "The Foot Ball" composition, the critic continues:—"The English painters, for the most part, have a lively imitative perception, and they work up expression more particularly in familiar scenes, even to the verge of caricature. The back ground of this scene, which, beneath the foliage of trees, exhibits a group of tipplers seated before a tavern, would not be unworthy of Teniers, for sweetness of tone and freedom of touch. To us it would seem, that the ruddy is lavished over freely on the cheeks of the children, but British 'babies' have complexions of strawberry and cream which, no doubt, justify Mr. Webster's pencil.

"On seeing the title of another of Mr. Webster's pictures, 'Contrary Winds,' dream not of a contest between fierce Boreas and the great storm-sweeping African Zephyr, with trumpeting mouths and cheeks puffed out. Neither picture to yourself a monstrous billow swallowing up in its folds, and beneath a black, thunderous sky, a shattered vessel. The tempest here is all in play, but, still a tempest, if not in a glass of water, at least in a tub. Two or three children compel, by puffs of their breath, a boat of cork with paper sails, to whirl about upon the ocean of this vessel. Never did the winds, escaped from the cave of Æolus, more conscientiously void their bass of blasts against a classic fleet. An old woman seated in an arm chair, tranquilly darns a stocking, while the young things exhaust their breath; nor does she at all appear inclined to interfere, like Virgil's Neptune and, brandishing the trident, give forth the 'Quos Ego.' The ship will infallibly founder. Here, a thousand pretty details, scrupulously studied, fill up the background; kettles and pans gleam like old furbished shields, brass candlesticks, drinking cup and bottles all swell out with spangles of brilliancy. The most exacting of Dutchmen could not hesitate a doubt against a *batterie de cuisine* so precise and so carefully polished up.

"'A Village Choir' would, in the hands of our Biard, have become simply a burlesque. Mr. Webster has treated the subject with a biblical seriousness, which never abandons the English and, faithfully representing nature, has avoided any exaggeration that might give a stamp of irreverence to the group. The aspect of these goodly people giving all their arts to their liturgic psalmody, and opening their mouths from ear to ear, in order more surely to emit the full tones of the canticle even at the risk of showing how many a tooth has vanished from their gums, might cause something of a smile to steal across one's lips, but so conscientious are they and kindly, that to mock them would be impossible. They bend over to read their score, they rasp their violoncello, mechanically finger their bassoon, and puff through their flute, and, in fact, do a thousand oddities; but yet, with so sincere a piety, such an unction, with such deep respect for Sabbath solemnity, that, notwithstanding the grotesqueness of their actions and



attitudes, they inspire an involuntary sympathy. It must not be forgotten that English female grace, which can never be overlooked, smiles forth from the bonnets of three young girls, who lean against the carved and well waxed balustrade, with a pretty air of propriety and piety the most charming in the world.

"In 'The Cherry Sellers' there is a delicious little girl (for be it remarked, that, what the 'cross channel artists most fondly give their hands to—next to their dogs—is children) with accessories most delicately made out. But, it seems to us that Mr. Webster's *chef-d'œuvre* lies in a frame no larger than one's hand, and inscribed in the catalogue under the curt designation of 'Portraits.' Here an old man and woman—portraits no doubt—the Baucis and Philemon of some English rural spot, and who could cheerily celebrate their union's fiftieth anniversary, bring their heads together, like royal effigies on a medal, in token of their well-tried conjugal union. Prettier wrinkles, kindlier crowsfeet, more delicate tints (such as pippins disclose at the close of winter) could not be imagined, than those which radiate, mingle and give complexion to the good dame's face, which fenced in as it is, with muslin frill of cap and collar, resembles well-preserved fruit carefully enveloped in fancy pattern paper. The whole physiognomy has so sweet a carmine tint—so fresh a fairness—an expression of such tranquil happiness—there is still in those eyes half shadowed over by a soft lash, so much of life, cheerfulness and spirit, that one takes to loving old age in looking on the patriarchal pair, so superior to those of Ignatius Denner."

*La Patrie* (M. Marie Martin) is on the whole equally laudatory of Mr. Webster, with, however, some differences in his points of stricture. "After Mr. Mulready," he says, "it is Mr. Webster who, of all English artists, claims most attention, and wins the warmest eulogiums. He wants but a certain vigour of touch and tone, which characterise the author of 'The Wolf and the Lamb,' to be, in, the full sense of the word, a master. At the same time, he has a negative advantage over the latter, which, in our eyes, is of an immense importance: He is free from the defect of an excessive literal realisation, exacting from art mechanical finesses which tend to materialise it. A painter of high intelligence—of delicate and just perception—of rare tact—an agreeable colourist, extremely delicate in his handling, Mr. Webster would be entitled to take his place in the first line of British painters, were his range of palette more distinct—more animated, and his touch more precise and energetic."

There is a discordance between the first sentence of this lucubration, wherein our artist is placed next to Mulready, as the object of eulogium, and the last, wherein it is intimated that he does not take his place on the first line of British artists, which we shall not undertake to set right, but leave to the tender mercies of our readers.

The critic, in continuation, expresses his high admiration of "The Game of Football," "The Village Choir," and "Contrary Winds," summing up the merits of the latter thus:—"The tidiness of the cottage—the innocent amusement of the children—the venerable aspect of the grandame—all is accounted for by the artist, in placing a Bible on the table-cloth near to the good old woman. Thus, this little picture of an interior is made to convey a moral lesson. The colour here is excellent; the figure of the dame, and the details of culinary furniture are worthy the pencil of a Terburg or a Mieris."

In conclusion, he pours out a similarly warm tribute of admiration to that of the *Moniteur* on the small picture of "The Portraits," closing with this crowning avowal "Gerard Dow n'est pas mieux fait," Gerard Dow would not have done better!

So, also, *L'Union* (June 14) favours Mr. Webster with its approval, after some impertinences in regard to English artists in general, of which the following is a rare specimen. "The majority of English artists have a way of their own in painting the hair of their figures—they begin by finishing off all other parts of their subject—they only attend to the hair when their figure is

as *reste*, complete. When the paint is dry, or the day after, they set about the hair. If some locks are to fall upon the forehead, or over the cheeks, they lay them on crudely, without troubling themselves in regard to harmonising the one with the other. Literally, they clap a wig on the head of each of their personages."

Mr. Webster has the honour of being excepted from the herd, against which this voracious *jeu d'esprit* is launched. "Mr. Webster," says the critic, "has a feeling for harmony of colour; his pictures are not only full of mind and subject-matter for subtle analysis, but they are agreeable objects for the eye to dwell upon. As to the miniature canvas, simply styled 'Portraits,' it is his *chef-d'œuvre*—if I had to select two pictures from amongst those exhibited from England, this should be one, and Mr. Mulready's 'Whistonian Controversy' the other."

We cannot omit one further fervid tribute to this gem of Mr. Webster. It is from the *Journal des Débats* of Aug. 23. Its critic says—"I have still to notice a small picture of Mr. Webster's, which is probably the most delicate and perfect of the works he has sent us. It is the portraits of two aged persons—man and wife, no doubt. Not only does this work leave nothing to be desired as an imitation of nature, but it is impossible to depict with more depth and tenderness of feeling an angelic serenity in the expression of two mortal beings. The aspect of the sweet physiognomies recalls the idea of Dante in reference to Beatrice—we feel that in looking upon them, we, ourselves grow better."

Mr. Leslie is probably the artist amongst our *élite*, who is least appreciated by the Parisian cognoscenti. The exquisitely refined subtlety of his humour, chiefly, however, connected with the illustration of passages in literary masterpieces, is too fine for thorough appreciation, when parties are not perfectly familiar with the original. Of this we could not prefer a more striking instance than the brief notice by the *Moniteur* (June 8) of the "Scene from the Vicar of Wakefield." That charming picture was the deserved object of universal admiration on its exhibition at the Royal Academy, and we cannot but wonder that it has not ere now been made the subject of what could not fail to be a most popular engraving. The *Moniteur*, or Mons. Theophile Gautier, who has shown a finer discrimination in other remarks on Mr. Leslie's work, thus, in seeming happy unconsciousness of the meaning of the work before his eyes, dismisses it in a single line.

"The scene drawn from 'The Vicar of Wakefield' presents a curious picture of an English interior, of pretty female heads and well-touched accessories."

The *Moniteur* is more just where we should have apprehended misconception or prejudice by the picture of "The Coronation."

Thus it takes note of it:—"Subjects of official ceremony present, it may be said, great difficulties to the painter. To reconcile ceremonial etiquette—the portraits of historic personages—exactness of costume, sometimes so unfavourable to effect, with the exigencies of art, is far from easy—although the great masters have left some admirable examples devoted to subjects of the kind. Witness Rubens in his 'Coronation of Mary de' Medici,' and David in his celebrated 'Sacre.' Mr. Leslie's pretensions are more modern, and the narrow dimensions, within which he has represented 'H. M. Queen Victoria receiving the Sacrament' on the day of her Coronation, does not demand the same qualities of the great historic style. The design of this work is well arranged, and as much broken out of formality, as the necessary placing in parallel lines of the parties represented would permit. The principal group is given with marked religious feeling, and Mr. Leslie has been happy in realising the likeness of the august communicant; the heralds-at-arms, who carry the sword and the crown, are picturesquely presented, and we can recognise without difficulty amongst the assistants to the ceremony, the Duke of Wellington, the Duke of Cambridge, the Duke of Sussex, and the Duc de Nemours."

"English female beauty is found here with its soft and romantic grace, in a group of court attendants, with their wreathed ringlets black

and blond, their swan-like necks, their lips of cherry tint—in those waves of satin and lace, which sparkle and foam round their aristocratic figures, bringing with them a vague remembrance of Lawrence. Under the pencil of an English artist, mediocre though he be in accomplishment, woman is always lovely."

Of "Sancho and the Duchess" he says, "It is a charming example of *genre*, and the painter has successfully seized the character of the 'gaunt knight's sturdy esquire.' This again is but a bald analysis of so fine a work. Some amend is made for it, however in the notice of "My Uncle Toby & the Widow Wadman."

"This picture," says the *Moniteur*, "is one of the artist's happiest works—in touch, it is free, light, and *spirituelle*, and in its tone of colour, agreeable. It would be welcomed in the most fastidious cabinet collection."

The *Presse* (9th July) is more severely critical. "Mr. Leslie's pictures are remarkable, in contrast with Mr. Webster's, for their want of artistic finish. This artist seems to be content with a summary indication of his subject, and to give himself but little concern about the charm of painting in the abstract. Each one of his pictures provokes the same objection—it indicates the idea to be illustrated, but leaves it unrealised."

As a set-off to this very trenchant piece of criticism, let us quote one brief sentence from the *Journal des Débats* of Aug. 6th. "I have," observes the writer (Mons. E. I. Delacuze), "commended Mr. Leslie and Mr. Grant, because they are true colourists—simple in their art; employing alone its natural resources without any mixture therewith of charlatanism."

"Mr. Hook," says the *Moniteur* (June 2), "seems an emanation of Paul Veronese and Bonington. He sees the Venetian through impressions left by the English masters."

"Armitage, if I mistake not," observes Mons. Thierry, in the *Revue des Beaux Arts* (Sept. 1st), "is a pupil of Paul Delaroche. He paints in the French style, skilfully and with a well-marked touch."

Mr. Grant and *La Patrie*. There is but one opinion amongst the French artists as to the masterly qualities of "The Ascot Meet of Her Majesty's Stag-Hounds." It has won even from *La Patrie* the following tribute:—

"One of the most remarkable, if it be not the best picture in the English gallery, is that of Mr. Grant. There were enormous difficulties to overcome in the treatment of a subject like this. It required talent above mediocrity, even to avoid a commonplace arrangement of this assembly of red-coated hunters, with their train in uniform costume, with their horses and dogs. Mr. Grant has managed these difficulties with the hand of a master. The whole field are grouped without confusion and without formality, while each figure is, as a portrait, delicately and truthfully touched off. The red coats and white leather breeches, with all their graceless accessories of modern costume, are drawn with a faith and skill, and tinted with a discreet taste, which obviate their inharmonious stiffness. Behind this foreground of aristocratic cavaliers the great plain of Ascot is vigorously and picturesquely laid out, with its gray sky overhanging all. This landscape is assuredly superior to everything of its kind in the gallery."

Mr. Elmore and *La Patrie*. "There is," says the journalist, (June 28) "much character and a firmness of touch, which approaches rigidity, in the scene of a 'Religious Controversy in the days of Louis XIV.'" The expressions of the various parties in it are well conceived and given, but its colours are dull and frigid, more particularly in the group of females, which is, after all, but an accessory, having the defect of distracting the eye unpleasantly from the principal and only important portion of the picture. 'The Origin of the Quarrel of the Guelphs and Ghibelines,' of the same artist, has not, perhaps, the same qualities for expression as the work just mentioned. On the other hand, it presents an aspect of more light; less stiffness; more unity of design; more liveliness and agreeableness of colouring. 'The Novice,' is one of those felicitous pictures, which have the privilege of arresting the attention, touching the heart, and,



through the medium of a charming composition, awakening in the mind thoughts of grave import. Telling so much as it does, so simply and so well, it might, nevertheless, be made the subject of some strictness as to detail. Upon the whole, we have thought it most commendable on the score of design, and there is no visitor of the English gallery who stops not, will he, nil he, before 'The Novice,' thus placed between the seductions of life and the suggestions of death,—between the illusions of time and the anticipations of eternity."

Speaking of Mr. Leighton, whom we may now take into his native ranks, the *Revue des Beaux Arts* remarks, in reference to his "Reconciliation of the Montagues and Capulets," and with emphatic curtness:—"The painting here is dry—its defect;—but firm—its finer quality. Italy no longer teaches nations, she imitates them. Mr. Leighton's picture re-produces in a slight degree the manner of our Alexander Hepe."

This latter observation is dropped because Mr. Leighton has sent his picture from Rome; but, unfortunately for the apropos acumen of the critic, the catalogue of the Exhibition has these words after Mr. Leighton's name, *Elève de M. Edouard Steiner, de Francfort.*

Macnee's "Portrait of Doctor Wardlaw." "The analytical spirit," says the *Press*, (July 4) "which pervades all the works of English painters, finds itself appropriately exercised in portraiture. When there, painting from the life of life size, they condescend to generalise somewhat, and not reproduce trifling details with wearisome minuteness, which uniformly depreciates their best pictures."

"The only canvas sent by Mr. Macnee, the 'Portrait of Doctor Wardlaw,' is treated with great simplicity and good taste. The figure is well posed, the expression calm and without pretension." After a further minute description of the portrait, the writer concludes as follows—"The pervading vigour of execution, the excellent distribution of the light, the subdued management of accessories in this work, secure for Mr. Macnee a distinguished place in the British exhibition. The 'Portrait of Doctor Wardlaw' is less attractive, less magical in its effects of colour, and of a less aristocratic elegance than those of Sir Thomas Lawrence, but it strikes from its simplicity of style, its impress of character, and by its thoroughly modern aspect. In a word, it sustains honourably the old and well-earned reputation of English artists in the department of portrait painting."

The *Journal des Débats* (August 23) observes that, "The English have shown a discretion and good taste, for which they deserve every credit in regard to the restricted number of portraits which they have sent to the Exposition. These are all good, while a selection of several may take their place as works of the first class. We have already expressed our appreciation of Grant's 'Lord John Russell' we must now add Macnee's 'Doctor Wardlaw,' and Gordon's 'Late Professor Wilson.' The 'perfect quality of these works is very remarkable, and they surpass in our opinion the portraits of Lawrence, as much for their noble simplicity, as their power and truth of colour; for, be it remarked, that the merit of most of Lawrence's portraits, although incontestable, was not a little modified, in the eyes of connoisseurs, by the too silky and glittering brilliancy of their tints."

So also the *Moniteur* (June 8) says:—"Let us mark an excellent 'portrait of the late Dr. Wardlaw' by Mr. Macnee. This artist, judging by this specimen of his power, and we regret that it is the only canvas sent by him to the Exposition, appears to us to be, with Mr. Grant, the first portrait-painter of the English school."

"Mr. Horsley," observes the same good-tempered critic, "presents himself to our notice with five canvases, which, for more reasons than one, are deserving of our attention. We dwell more particularly upon his 'Jane Grey,' which has no tincture of the melo-dramatic, and is content to be a most delicious little picture of *gens*."

"In 'The Madrigal' we find a reunion of amateurs to execute a work of the Abbé Clari, or some other classic composer—one of these subjects, which Terburg and Gaspar Nestcher loved, and which must always offer variety of themes to

the exactions of the pencil. The heads of the actors in this scene are charming, and the silken draperies brilliantly reflecting the light off their folds, are treated with a precision perfectly Dutch."

Mr. Herbert's "Lear" is thus briefly estimated by *La Patrie* (June 25): "The colours in this canvas are dry and insipid, but in composition it is good, and it wants neither life nor expression."

"Mr. Cope" the critic continues, "has undertaken to give us, almost at its dénouement, the Drama, of which we have had the opening from Mr. Herbert. Some portions of this picture are of an excellent tone of colour, and all the figures are just in their expression."

"In our opinion," he adds, "the best of the six pictures sent in by Mr. Cope is 'Maiden Meditation.' This blonde head, replete with character, is tinted with a warmth and richness but little familiar to the English palette. The mouth of the Maiden expresses a captivating candour."

Mr. Anthony and *La Patrie*. In its number for the 8th of July, *La Patrie* thus notices Mr. Anthony:—"The landscape entitled 'Beeches and Fern' presents some good qualities, more particularly in its middle distance, in which we find depth and truth of effect. It is, however, obvious that this artist is wholly devoted to one idea, that of giving a literal imitation of nature, and consequently his ferns, which monopolise his entire foreground, have the appearance of patterns cut out of painted paper."

"Mr. Poole," says the *Moniteur* (June 16), has sent here a picture entitled 'Crossing the Stream,' in which the English mode of handling is eschewed. It represents a young girl lifting her young brother in her arms to bear him across a streamlet. The touch of Mr. Poole in this, is broad, undefined, and mellow; he masses and softens off his contours, instead of giving them with an outline sharp as the edge of a razor. The eyes cast down, the open smile, the roseate cheeks and the silvery shadings of these two figures seem to imply a study of our Prudhon. The back-ground of mingled azure and light retires happily from the eye."

"The Gipsy Queen" has no reference to the melancholy Isabella of Egypt of Achim Arnim. She cradles not an infant mandragora with locks of millet and kernel eyes. It is a jocund girl, fantastically costumed, holding, perched upon her finger, a magpie less chattering than herself.

"The Messenger of Job" by the same artist, is a work in a wholly different style, and in its signature alone do you recognise Mr. Poole. English artists vary their manner more than ours do, and they seem to amuse themselves by puzzling people's eyes. There is vigorous effect in this work, and the resignation of Job before the heralds of misfortune, is equally well felt and expressed."

*La Patrie* (June 25) speaking of Mr. Poole's "Gipsy Queen" and "Crossing the Stream," says, in its characteristic facetious vein,—"There is in those two pictures, a dread of finish—a wild freedom, from which one might conclude that the artist had fairly given his pencil the free course of the breezes, which chase the clouds across his skies, and which ruffle the petticoats of his peasant and gipsy maidens."

The *Moniteur* of June 8th gives an entire *feuilleton* to Mr. Paton's "Quarrel of Oberon and Titania," the pith of which will be found in the following extract:—

"It would be impossible to imagine the variety of attitudes and gesticulations strangely twisted and foreshortened, which Mr. Paton has given his groups. They sit about headlong, or, feet foremost, above and below, in troops ascending, or sweeping downwards—in full front—in three-quarter view, or, with profile wholly lost. In a word, in all those abnormal positions, into which aerial beings, uninfluenced by weight or equilibrium—phantoms of mist, or light, or fragrant exhalations, may be permitted to fling themselves, without any regard to anatomic proprieties. In all this, he has displayed a facility and skill of drawing by no means common. Like Michael Angelo in his 'Last Judgment,' he has availed himself of a supernatural subject, to disclose the incredible variety of action and aspect into

which the human form can be thrown. No doubt Mr. Paton may be reproached with having studied Fuseli—that son of Switzerland transformed into an Englishman—and to have here and there repeated him overmuch. Fuseli illustrated 'The Midsummer Night's Dream,' and amused himself by giving the sylphs *chapeaux de paille*, after the fashion of Pamela, and to his goblins the powdered wig of Grandison, which produced a strange effect amid the enchantments of the fairy forest. Nothing can be more eccentric than these characters of Richardson figuring in Shakspeare's moonlight scene. If, however, Mr. Paton owes an inspiration to Fuseli, he has not been a servile copyist, and his own invention in the work has been sufficiently abundant."

"We may, perhaps, have given more time to this 'Dispute of Oberon and Titania' than it merits, but the picture is so thoroughly, so profoundly English—it is so highly impregnated with Shakspeare's poetry, seasoned with British humour, that we have deemed it of importance to dwell upon it. The like subject would probably have been treated in a more brilliant style by our French artists (!) They would have given it a force and harmony of colour, in which it is here deficient, but, on the other hand, not one would be found amongst them bringing to the theme so inexhaustible a flow of fancies—such marvellous detail—and that patience almost Chinese, with which they have been elaborated into form."

"What a delicious engraving would not some of the English burins, which give such life to copper-plate, have made of this picture! Its meagre, inharmonious tints would then disappear and leave a composition charming from its fulness of grace and spirit, and which one would be happy to place in one's study as the best translation of 'The Midsummer Night's Dream.'"

With the following *résumé* from the pen of the Comte de Viol Castel, in *L'Athénæum Français* (July 7th), we close our extracts from the French critical notices of our British painters. It may be taken as, both in matter and manner, the most purely French view of the subject, in its least objectionable form.

"We may mention, as works destined for the embellishment of the new Palace of Westminster, M. Desange's 'Excommunication of King Robert of France by Pope Sixtus IV.,' 'The Burial of Harold,' by Mr. Pickersgill; 'The Death of Edward III.,' by Mr. Foggo; 'The Introduction of Flora Macdonald to Prince Charles Edward,' by Mr. Johnston; and 'Richard Cour de Lion pardoning Bertrand de Gordon,' by Mr. Cross."

"Assuredly all these pictures, did they belong to our French school, would pass away unnoticed amongst the redundancy of mediocrities, which habitually all but monopolise the walls of our exhibitions. But they inaugurate an English historic school, and we name them as making the starting point of an undertaking, for the success of which, we apprehend that no very great hopes can be entertained. The genius of English artists does not lead them towards the Historic. The poetry of history is not within their favourite range, and if we take a rapid view of works which have something of celebrity in England; which represent that art, which is, as it were, officially encouraged by Government, we do so under the impression, that the true English school has no sympathy with it; that it, in fact, requires for its creditable development, facilities too discordant with those wherewithal English artists have been so richly endowed."

"What, in truth, is the power—the charm, which has given the works of the English school so high a place in the esteem of connoisseurs? Scarcely has it been known for two months, and yet already it occupies a distinguished place in the history of modern art. It brings thereunto a new chapter replete with its own individuality—its originality. In a word, it is a school, which owes nothing to the schools of other countries, which in no manner can be said to spring from the style of any already known artist. It is English—purely English. It must be sought for where alone it exists—in works of its own

\* We should be happy to congratulate the different artists here named upon such an honour as the critic intimates is in store for them: we are not, however, aware that it awaits more than two out of the five.



creation, and not in those elaborated in imitation of the Italian, Spanish, German, or French schools.

"True English artists are preëminently observers of nature; they study her forms and expressions faithfully; no artist, of whatever country he may be, has carried farther than they have, truthfulness in *genre* and the poetry of reality in landscapes. The actors whom they introduce into their familiar scenes of life, have a living power of visage and action; they think aloud—they move, and you become one of them, while dwelling on the scene, before which the artist stands with his palette and his pencils. This copying is so requisite to English art, that it fails of success in representing unexcited figures, or physiognomies not especially animated. The British artist is the painter of expression; where that is wanting—where the inner being is not translated into exterior animation, he becomes inferior to his accustomed self; he knows not how to represent the calm of human life—he must have waves either agitated by tempest, or ruffled more or less on the surface by gales.

"There can be no doubt, that the best pictures sent from Great Britain to this Exhibition of 1855, are either those which have taken their subjects from actual life, or those where, although the costume of bygone times may have been adopted, passions or personifications are represented for which nature could have supplied the models."

We now leave to the digestion of our readers the ample extracts which we have given, with pretty careful selection, from the notices by French critics of our British contributions to their *Palais des Beaux Arts*. In them will be found not a little to be overlooked, on the score of good taste and considerate feeling—not a little to be set aside for obvious inconsistency, more particularly the oft-reiterated assertions of our school's startling novelty, and yet the discovery of an imitative origin for almost all its best works in the old masters or modern French,—and, let us add, not a little in the way of stricture or eulogium, which, if taken with a considerable *grano salis*, may be relished as of wholesome import—as a useful tonic—an expedient nutritious alternative.

#### THE ROYAL CORNWALL POLYTECHNIC SOCIETY.

ANY place which may be situated beyond the reach of the "Iron road" is regarded as being almost beyond the pale of civilisation. Cornwall is in this position—the railway stops at Plymouth, and there are not many travellers who venture further west. Fast coaches, and four-horse omnibuses, do not suit the traveller by an express train. Hence, many books have been written on Cornwall as of a place rarely visited. Wilkie Collins gives us his "Rambles beyond Railways," in which he describes a rapid journey through this western county, in a very amusing manner, though his book is full of errors. "Cornish Mines and Miners" in the Traveller's Library, is still more imperfect, and it teems with blunders. Murray's "Handbook of Devon and Cornwall" is carefully and cleverly written, and the "Ramble from London to the Land's End" deserves to be read. There are not many counties, to which attention has been so often directed, as it has been to Cornwall. Much of this is due to the highly interesting character of the county, but more to the circumstance that the river Tamar flows between it and the railway-intersected counties.

Although Cornwall is so removed from the centre, around which it is supposed the stars of science and art revolve, it can boast of a society which has no equal in point of utility in the United Kingdom. Of this society a word or two: Twenty-three years since, Miss Anna Maria Fox, of Falmouth, proposed to call forth the latent genius of the county, by forming a society which should reward, according to its means, every effort of thought which might be brought before

it. This was the first Polytechnic Society established in England, it was eminently successful, and hence there were many imitations; but all, excepting the Polytechnic Institution in Regent Street, have ceased to exist, and the Royal Cornwall Society pursues its useful career. Its great objects have been the improvement of mining operations, and the amelioration of the condition of the miners. By its influence, and the offer of premiums of 500*l.* and of 200*l.*, machines have been introduced into the deep mines, which relieve the men from the severe toil of climbing on perpendicular ladders from the immense depths to which those subterranean excavations have been carried, and now the society is endeavouring to improve the conditions of ventilation in the Cornish mines.

The twenty-third annual gathering of this society has just taken place, and a more interesting exhibition it has seldom been our lot to witness.

There were models and drawings of machines for ventilating mines, and for dressing tin and copper ores, tools of improved descriptions. Splendid examples of the unrivalled serpentine of the Lizard district, Natural History specimens in great variety, mostly collections by young amateurs. Four Vivariums created much interest. Such a collection of Actinæ were never before got together, and the marine animals and plants generally were very interesting. Native artists exhibited some highly creditable pictures in oil and water colours; and amateur productions of the most satisfactory description, showed that Art-feeling was strong in the far west of England. Beyond these things, the boy at school sent his maps, and his mechanical drawings, and the little girl exhibited her "crochet counterpane" and "ottoman in wool work," beside the "point-lace collar" of the more advanced needlewomen. Everything exhibiting industry and thought from the rich or the poor, the young or the old, is received at the Polytechnic Hall, and according to its merits, in the opinion of the judges, each has its reward.

Our space will not allow of our entering on any detailed description, as we should desire to do, of the articles generally exhibited. We must, however, say a few words on the Art-productions of Cornwall.

Sculpture had its representative in the productions of Mr. N. N. Burnard, a native of Cornwall, though now resident in London. His bust of the ever-to-be-lamented Professor Edward Forbes, was remarkable for the life-like fidelity of the portrait. Edward Forbes was well known to many of the patrons of this society, and by a unanimous decision they awarded the society's first class silver medal to this production. We have especially alluded in a recent number, to the Serpentine works of the Lizard Serpentine Company. They exhibited some very fine examples of this rock, and of their work.

The artists exhibiting were Messrs. J. G. Philp and W. Williams, whose landscapes have in the metropolitan exhibitions received our notice—Messrs. Baker, Morrish, J. Hart, and Harvey.

By establishing a Cornish Art-Union in connexion with the exhibition of this society, the artist is encouraged to contribute a larger number of pictures than he would otherwise do; and it is satisfactory to know, that many very choice productions were thus disposed of. Of the amateur productions we can only say, they were generally creditable, many were excellent. We were especially pleased with some "Sketches of Foliage, the size of nature."

Amongst other articles of interest it was pleasing to see a collection of "Nature prints" from Messrs. Bradbury and Evans. Photographic copies of Robert's "Holy Land," exhibited by Messrs. Day and Sons; and Photographic "Ferns and Snow Crystals," sent by Messrs. Glaisher, of Greenwich.

The evening of each day during the exhibition which lasted a week, was devoted to lectures on some subject exhibited. Indeed every method was adopted to render the meeting interesting, and thus to add to the usefulness of a society which has now been for twenty-three years dispensing its acknowledgments of merit, over a country beyond the rattle and excitement of a railway.

#### RUTH.

FROM THE STATUE BY W. THEED.

It cannot be denied that sculpture is far less popular in England than any other branch of the fine arts, and even less so than it is among the principal continental nations. It is quite true that custom has not familiarised us with its beauties, nor taught us its use as an object of external decoration; this we believe to be one chief reason for the indifference with which the art is generally treated here; but there is another reason, and one, we as firmly believe, acting still more forcibly in the minds of the middle and higher classes of society, and that is a disrelish of the subjects usually selected by the sculptor. It is not because the sculpture room of the Royal Academy is little better than a cell, that it attracts so few visitors; nor because there is nothing in it that the majority of the company that attend in Trafalgar Square would care to see; but because Cupids, and Venuses, and Dianas, and the whole brotherhood and sisterhood of the Greek and Roman mythologies, more or less the "stock" of the sculptor, have, generally, little interest for the visitor, even though they appear under names which seem to separate them from their heathen parentage. We do not now stop to enquire whether there is "rhyme or reason" for such an objection to subjects which have for ages formed models for the highest conceptions of artistic genius; we merely state what in our opinion, one founded on observations very frequently made to us by these objections, is an incontrovertible fact.

And, after all, truths are as easy to deal with as fictions, they may be rendered as poetical and as beautiful, while they at once carry conviction with them by showing art as the chronicler of events in which man has been the real actor, and as the re-creator of the man himself, when he thus appears again, a silent but impressive type of what he was on the great stage of existence.

History, sacred or profane, will always supply the sculptor with subjects enough and to spare, whether his taste incline him to the heroic, the terrible, the pathetic, the simply beautiful, or any other sentiment or quality. The whole range of biblical history affords no more interesting and affecting story than that which is found in the book of Ruth, a history which either painter or sculptor may consult with manifest advantage, so many charming incidents does it present, that would well repay illustration. Mr. Theed's conception of the "Moabitish damsel" is highly graceful; the point in her story which it embodies is, we presume, that where she is standing in the field before Boaz, who addresses her thus:—

"Hearest thou not, my daughter? Go not to glean in another field, neither go from hence, but abide here fast by my maidens:

"Let thine eyes be on the field that they do reap, and go thou after them: have I not charged the young men that they should not touch thee? and when thou art athirst, go unto the vessels, and drink of that which the young men have drawn."

There is great sweetness of expression in the face of the figure, combined with the modesty which her position, with reference to Boaz, and the character given to her in the sacred writings, seems to point out and determine. The picturesqueness of the work is wonderfully increased by the rich arrangement of the drapery; this is remarkably sculptural and beautiful in its forms; the folds are numerous, but they are not complicated, and fall naturally.

The works of Mr. Theed are almost invariably of an historical character, either sacred or profane. Among the former are his statue of "Rebekah," and his group of the "Prodigal Son," the latter engraved in the *Art-Journal* two or three years since; he has also sculptured some monumental groups of a high character, as well as two fine bas-reliefs, from English history, for the Houses of Parliament.

His statue of "Ruth" has been reproduced in porcelain by Mr. Alderman Copeland.



RUTH.

ENGRAVED BY J. H. BAKER FROM THE STATUE BY W. THEED.





## PROVINCIAL EXHIBITIONS.

## THE LIVERPOOL ACADEMY.

## THE THIRTY-FIRST.

If the modern Tyre is making amazing progress in commerce—the basis of her material prosperity—it is gratifying to observe that she is also going steadily onward in the cultivation and encouragement of those arts which minister to the refinement of social and private life. Year after year have we been delighted to see that her academy has been gathering around it elements of strength; and that its position at the present time is such as to need no indulgence or apology, but on the contrary that it puts forth such an array of talent as openly challenges confidence and respect. Since its first appeal to the public as an exhibiting society, a generation has passed away, and it now enters upon a new term of life, invigorated by past experience, and full of hope for its future. In the exhibition of this year, consisting of 839 specimens in all, many valuable pictures are displayed, some of the most accomplished of our artists being contributors; and while works of a trashy character, such as were formerly tolerated, upon occasions, as filling-up material, to complete a *tout ensemble*, have totally disappeared, those of even an indifferent class seem to be a gradually vanishing quantity.

But—to our work of examination.

On entering the First Room, and following the order of the catalogue, the attention is arrested at the very first number to 'Nature and her Children, Reason and Love,' by N. J. CHOWLEY, R.H.A., a large and impressive picture, in style and tone apparently aiming at a combination of the spirit of Rubens with the colour of Elty. In the lower part of the trunk of the principal figure, there is a want of skilful foreshortening, which causes the joint, connecting the femur with the pelvis, to appear dislocated. This, its only defect, might, we opine, be remedied by the introduction of a few darkly-toned shadings.

Near it hangs a portrait (No. 6.) of 'Nassau Senior, Esq.,' by H. W. PHILLIPS, unmannered in design and pose, and forcibly manipulated.

No. 14, 'Twi Dhu,' a Welsh scene, from the pencil of J. W. OAKES, is shut in by rocks and foliage, which are powerfully treated: indeed, every passage has been profoundly felt, and is described with great force.

No. 16, 'Pool on the Llugwy,' by A. HUNT. A quiet nook, lighted in the foreground by a ripple passing over the stones. The placid "pool" is everything that could be desired; and but that the trees appear somewhat too coldly green, the entire treatment of the subject is unexceptionable.

No. 22, 'Fruit, &c.' W. DUFFIELD. A most successful imitation of nature.

No. 30, 'A Medical Consultation,' T. M. JOY. Well felt and vivacious in character. The differing opinions of the assembled members of the faculty are speakingly expressed; and the lights and shadows of the whole most happily throw out the several individuals of the group.

No. 32, under the title, 'A Brown Study,' by W. HUGGINS, is depicted an ass, contemplating some ducks in a pool by the wayside. The dull wisdom of the student is apparent in the opacity of his eye; his hairy coat is presented in all its picturesque roughness, and the body is excellently rounded and relieved, as well as fine in colour. In No. 46, 'The Old Forge,' by the same artist, the animals are rendered with equal truth and spirit.

No. 38, 'Stratford-upon-Avon,' by MARK ANTONY. The feeling of quietude, mingled with the "gorgeous gloom" of an autumnal day, is most successfully described.

No. 45, 'Orestes Pursued by the Furies,' C. ROLL. A scene forcefully depicted, and full of vigorous action. The eye is at once caught by the free and fearless delineation of the anatomy of Orestes, and with the broad and graceful casting of the drapery which floats around the sister's form. A richness of character is imparted to the picture by the skilful disposition and

rendering of a brazen shield behind the chief group. It is a sound and powerful work.

No. 48, 'The Doubt,' by H. A. BOWLEN, with, as an illustration, the question from the Prophet Ezekiel—"Can these dry bones live?" The solemnity which ought to pervade the composition is broken up, not only by the glaring greens of the foliage, *per se*, but by their being so ostentatiously played off against the scarlet dress, in which the gay young lady is bedight, who is supposed to propound the question while leaning over a gravestone. Pity that these things should be so expressed; for, otherwise, the figure is well drawn and posed, and every detail in the scene most carefully made out.

No. 51, 'Fast Bind, Fast Find,' by JAMES PELHAM. Under this quaint title is depicted an Italian organ-boy, asleep by the wayside, who, resolved that a monkey, the companion of his wanderings, shall not escape during the siesta, has carefully fastened the animal's chain to his own person. The story is successfully told; the expression natural and true; the quality of colour pure and transparent; and the executive of exceeding finish.

No. 58, 'The Timber Waggon,' and No. 60, 'Snowdon,' both by J. HOBSON, are pleasing bits. In the former, the morning effect is beautifully pronounced; in the latter, there is abundant evidence of careful study; but the system of colouring is too prismatic.

No. 61, 'Styhead Fall, Borrowdale,' J. T. WALTON, is an example of that kind of subject which cuts a picture into two parts. The artist has, indeed, made the best of it; but, besides the disunion of the parts by the cascade, it must also be said that the general tone is too cold. In the front of the picture the rocks are of unquestionable substance; and the stones beneath the surface of the transparent pool are deliciously rendered.

No. 62, 'The Rosicrucians,' W. DOUGLAS, R.S.A. Of precious and harmonious colour, and, altogether, an amazingly elaborated work: the book-shelves, draperies, old carved table with its cover, the globe, the spherical crystal flask, with its double reflection of lights,—indeed, all the accessories are so conscientiously manipulated, and so lustrous in tone, as to be worthy of Gerhard Douw.

Of the late COPLEY FIELDING's estimable works there are three examples, the most desirable of which is No. 72, 'Scene at the Entrance of New-haven Harbour.' The prevalent tone is dark, the forms of the water such as are seen when a gale tears up the waves, rapid motion being splendidly indicated; the sea and sky likewise are well matched in character, both truthfully bespeaking the influence of a sweeping gale.

The work to which has been awarded the Academy's prize of 50*l.* is No. 74, 'Life and Death of Buckingham,' by A. L. EGO, A.R.A. This is a powerful and impressive picture, well known to our readers, and eminently deserving of the honour which it has received.

Among the portraits, those of 'Hugh Pierce, Esq.' (No. 75), and 'Jos. Hubback, Esq.' (No. 80), both by J. ROBERTSON, are to be noted for their breadth, roundness, and vigorous execution. If the artist should be wittingly adopting the style of Sir J. Watson Gordon, let him be assured that he cannot follow a better master.

'Portrait of a Lady' (No. 79), W. BOXALL, A.R.A., is graceful and unmannered in arrangement, and natural in colour, except in the hands, which are somewhat too pinky; but in every part it is marked by excellence of drawing.

'Scene from Don Quixote,' J. C. HORSLEY (No. 86). A large canvas crowded with subject, and happily illustrating the spirit of the quotation printed in the catalogue. The *dramatis personæ* are excellently individualised, and the ensemble of vivid reality. Though the several elements of the composition are each perfect in itself, they are yet so admirably moulded and combined as to bring out the *dénouement* at one stroke,—fulfilling the Horatian canon, "Sit simplex et unum." The executive, too, shows a style of manipulation the most elaborate.

No. 95, 'The Story-Teller,' JAMES SMETHAM. An oriental subject, cabinet size, well conceived and very careful.

No. 109, 'Old Well in Jersey,' J. DEARLE, is an elaborate translation of a picturesque locality.

No. 118, 'Entrance to Kirby-Lonsdale,' W. G. HERDMAN. An unmistakable transcript of nature.

No. 118, 'The Valley of Tyndrum, Perthshire,' A. W. WILLIAMS. A large and meritorious work. The subject, which must have been carefully selected, shows a mass of boulders in the foreground, solidly treated, a rocky path running nearly parallel with the margin of the water, a group of cattle in the centre, mountains skirting the far-off horizon, lighted up with sun-rays, and others in mid-distance sprinkled with purple heath, and placed under the shadow of a dark cloud. The atmospheric effect is a fine rendering of nature; and, indeed, the entire subject is impressively described.

Her Majesty has been graciously pleased to contribute from the Royal Collection F. LEIGHTON's large and admirable picture, which represents the 'Procession of Cimabue's Madonna,' and which was noticed by us on a former occasion. It deservedly occupies the post of honour in the large saloon.

No. 131, 'Gooseberries and Currants,' MISS HUNT. Lusciously described.

No. 134, 'Coron Mill, Anglesey,' J. W. OAKES. Of unpretending material, rendered in valuable colour, rich, deep, and telling, reminding one of the palette of the late Thompson, of Duddingston.

No. 149, 'Llyn Hydra, North Wales,' W. PITT. A fine translation of a stony mountain slope.

No. 157, 'Cattle on the Banks of a River,' F. R. LEE, R.A., and T. S. COOPER, A.R.A. The scene, evidently a Devonian one, characterised by luxuriant softness in banks, foliage, and atmosphere. This picture was recently exhibited at the Royal Academy.

Nos. 168 and 169, two views in Venice, by W. CALLOW, are carefully and firmly pencilled, and quite worthy of Canaletti.

No. 183, 'An Awkward Position,' A. SOLOMAN. *Vis comica* excellently developed, and every part of the well-filled subject—landscape, architecture, and figures—conscientiously elaborated.

No. 194, 'Birk Crag, near Harrogate,' G. C. STANFIELD. The eye is carried from an eminence, over a plain, to a range of distant hills on the horizon. The parts are well united, correctly placed in aerial perspective, and the whole beautiful in colour.

EDWARD DUNCAN's 'Summer Moonlight' (No. 204), showing a canal lock with a patch of still water, is a deliciously felt little bit; so also is the same artist's 'Distant View of Osborne' (No. 641), the sea-shore of which is exquisitely true to nature.

No. 217, 'Crossing the Ferry,' the late E. WILLIAMS, Sen. A calm moonlight effect, in the lamented artist's happiest manner.

No. 218, 'View in Tilgate Forest,' the late COPLEY FIELDING. Translated with intense natural truth.

Mr. MILLAR, A.R.A., has sent his impressive work, 'The Rescue' (No. 224), of which we spoke on a previous occasion. In its present position its high character is fully maintained.

No. 233, 'The Road to the Homestead,' J. S. RAVEN. An elaborate work, beautiful in colour, and firmly pencilled. A waggon, laden with sheaves, is described as crossing a rivulet in a woody lane, the objective being of the most picturesque character, and most skilfully treated. Rich dark masses of foliage are broken up in parts by pencils of sun-rays, the chief light being focussed on the waggon and its team. Decaying branches, worked with marvellous truth to nature, enrich the left side of the picture; and the reflections in the quiet pool, from the lower boughs, are more like reality than an imitation. It is altogether a noble work; yet we may be permitted to hint that the darker parts of the foliage are somewhat opaque, and would be vastly improved by a few additional crisp touches of leafing in a lighter tone, especially in the direct centre of the picture.

No. 270, 'An Avenue in Hatfield Park,' H. JUTSUM. The large umbrageous trees impressively presented. All the parts are skilfully united, and the style of work is one of decided force, as well as of high finish.

As a literal imitation of nature, seldom has there been exhibited any work superior to No.



375, 'An Old Mill—Hoar Frost,' by CHARLES BRANWHITE. The subject is a winter scene, in which is brought forward a picturesque old mill, flanked by naked trees, and precipitous broken banks. As a landscape, this work is as fine as anything in the rooms.

No. 286. A rendering of the 'Apothecary in "Romeo and Juliet,"' W. J. GRANT. Carefully pencilled, but perhaps too complicated in its objective.

No. 293, 'Fruit,' WM. MITCHELL. So excellent as to be almost equal to Lance.

No. 296, 'The Soldier Returned,' J. BUCHANAN. The sympathy deeply felt, and touchingly expressed, and the execution careful, yet free and masterly.

No. 299, 'Otter Hunting on the Conwy,' J. P. PETTIT. Somewhat spotty, but in parts excellent; the darkly-toned pool, for example, is very fine.

No. 332, 'Still Life,' G. WOOD, is chiefly a rendering of well-known plaster groups, 'Cupid and Psyche,' 'The Thornpicker,' &c., represented under glass shades, the whole being made out with a particularity and clearness worthy of Meissner.

No. 335, 'The Last Supper,' J. ARCHER, R.S.A. In this composition the system of aggroupment is sound, and the pose of the several figures natural; but the quietude and solemnity of the scene disagreeably broken by the glaring scarlet robe in which the Saviour is enveloped.

No. 340, 'Scene in the Valley of the Lledr,' H. B. WILLIS. A large and interesting canvas. The rocky hills in middle distance are described in a clear and lovely tone; and the cattle, which come off from a green eminence on the left, are as effectively grouped, and as fine in colour as needs be desired; while the rocks, water, flood-worn banks, and the pebbly spit in the centre foreground, are truth itself. The whole picture is characterised by wondrous depth and power.

No. 346, 'Venice,' E. PRITCHETT. A specimen of colour the clearest, and of pencilling the most elaborate.

No. 347, 'Hours of Idleness,' Under this title, the artist, G. W. HOBSON, has described a bitch and puppies at play, with a free and pleasing pencil.

No. 353, 'A Passing Storm,' F. H. HENSHAW. A forest glade, nobly treated; the gnarled trunks and arms of the old oaks drawn with natural truth, and their masses developed with crispness and power.

No. 356, 'Deer Hounds,' G. ARMFIELD. Full of talent, and worthy of a better place than the top of the wall near the ceiling. No. 373, 'The Tired Gamekeeper,' by the same artist. An interior with dogs and game, all of natural truth, and of the most careful pencilling.

W. and F. UNDERHILL have sent a few specimens of their charming productions; among which is No. 124, 'The Little Gleaner,' by F. UNDERHILL, hung too high to be satisfactorily examined, but seemingly possessed of those valuable properties which usually characterise works under this name. No. 357, 'The Present,' F. UNDERHILL, shows a lad with a pony, in front of a cottage ornée, 'the present' consisting of divers head of game, effectively grouped, and finished with a free and mellow pencil. No. 370, 'Cupid and Psyche,' by W. UNDERHILL, pleasing as a composition, and displaying an effective arrangement of colour, apparently driven with a broad, full-fed brush.

No. 365, 'Incident in the Desert,' J. A. HOBSON, R.S.A. An Arab chief, a noble figure, stands beside his dead horse, painted under the effect of a sweltering atmosphere. The level stretch of sandy desolation, melting through yellows and reds into a purple distance, from its tone and treatment, immediately calls up the remembrance of the gifted Müller, whose strength was amply developed in the portraiture of such scenes. Mr. Hobson's realisation of the "incident" is highly creditable, and full of promise.

No. 369, 'El Bucks on the Thames, after a Shower,' H. J. BODDINGTON. The foliage, water, and water-plants are all described with the artist's acknowledged executive power. Of special excellence is his realisation of the stony

path, which leads the eye from the foreground into the mass of foliage in the centre of the picture; but, perhaps, the crowning beauty is the atmospheric effect, which indicates a very careful study of nature. Equally noteworthy are two other Thames subjects, by the same artist: Nos. 376 and 693, especially the former, which is a delightfully felt transcript of a 'Summer Morning,' and very careful.

No. 374, 'Near Linton—Coast of Devonshire,' ALFRED CLINT. Sea beach with rocks, whose substance and solidity are faithfully rendered. The treatment of sunlight is of powerful, natural truth.

No. 375, 'The Sound in the Shell,' A. WOOLMER. A maiden and youth, pleasingly expressed, and brought forward in tender and transparent colour.

WM. GALE's 'Griselda,' No. 379, tells her story pathetically and effectively; while H. C. SELOUS has been equally successful in another vein, in No. 377, wherein he brings out merriment from the well-known passage in "Gil Blas," in which the hero relates the adventures of the King to the licentiate Sedello.

No. 380, 'Dysart, Coast of Fife,' S. BOUGH, is the very best example we have yet seen of this artist's fertile pencil. The picture is a true portrait of the place whose name it bears, and the accessories, which are introduced upon the beach, are precisely those which may every day be seen in the locality. The roll of the waves over the shingle is perfection; the boats are all tellingly placed in the composition, and, with one exception, are correct in drawing; allusion is now made to the vessel in the foreground, which needs an addition of about one-eighth of an inch to the fulness of the curve of her port-bow, which would make the drawing all right. Every other passage of the picture, both in design and colour, is precisely what it ought to be.

No. 402, 'Un Première Succès,' FAUSTEN BESSON. Fish—of strict natural truth.

No. 404, 'Inch Colme,' R. S. LAUDER, R.S.A. Not in the artist's line, and by no means a favourable specimen of his fine talent. We guess he has made a study of the locality, looking forward to its introduction in some piece of genre or history to be hereafter painted.

No. 405, 'A View of Oran,' W. WYLD. A large and elaborate work, representing a narrow port or bight, shut in by high land, right and left, and painted under a blazing sunset effect. Coasting craft of the country, faultless in drawing and beautiful in colour, are grouped on either side, and effectively make out the subject-matter of the picture. There is a world of work on this fine canvas, which, both in details and general result, is altogether satisfactory.

W. C. THOMAS's 'Rivalry,' No. 411, is a subject large, ambitious, and successful.

JOHN J. WILSON (hitherto better known as John Wilson, Jun.) contributes three of his clever marine subjects, all of which are freshly and spiritedly touched. His 'Fishing-Boats off the Coast of Etretat,' No. 413, is beautiful in tone as in the forms of the moving sea, and though only slight, is yet a most effective picture.

There are four specimens of the pencil of J. ZEITNER, in the usual manner of that industrious artist.

C. VACHER has sent a rich and glowing 'View in the Gulf of Genoa,' No. 437; and—perhaps as a contrast—a carefully-pencilled 'View of Linlithgow Palace,' No. 554, which is brought forward in the cool tone.

No. 467, 'Castle of Ehrenberg,' by Mrs. OLIVER, and No. 471, 'Dom Kirche, Wurzburg,' by WM. CALLOW, are both of them most carefully worked, and the general result satisfactory.

The marine subjects of J. CALLOW, of London, are among the best of their class, whether considered *quoad* their admirable drawing, forceful colour, or excellent general effect. In his 'Distant View of Edinburgh from the Frith of Forth,' No. 592, the effect is that of half a gale, with a showery sky, which places the shipping and small craft in picturesque action, excellently brings out their varied yet harmonious tints, and imparts a fine running movement to the sea. The details of the city in the distance are well nigh covered up by a "Scotch mist," out of which peeps the crown of Arthur's Seat, while

the outlines of the neighbouring heights—Salisbury Crags and Calton Hill—are delightfully indicated under the shadow of the dark, passing cloud. The atmospheric effects on the land are pronounced with power and beauty, and the forms of the sea—avoiding the common abortion of the cauliflower top—speak truthfully of rapid motion under the influence of a snoring breeze.

There are examples of architectural subjects from the clever pencils of J. NASH, Jun., J. DONNIN, and W. G. HERDMAN; 'Fruit and Still-Life,' by the Misses HUGGINS and W. E. D. STEWART; 'Flowers,' by Mr. and Mrs. V. BARTHOLOMEW, and Mr. and Mrs. W. DUFFIELD; all of which are highly respectable. But there is one specimen of this class which must be particularised, that by GEORGE LANCE, with the title 'Nature and Art,' and numbered 575. It consists of two oval compartments, the former displaying a luscious bunch of grapes, with other fruits, rounded and transparent, and so successfully realising nature, as to be almost palpable to touch; the other a transcript of a jewel-casket, some of the most precious of the gems, in all their elaborate setting, being arranged temptingly over the side of the case, their most minute details sparklingly delineated, every article being pencilled à merveille. The two compartments form a pure and precious work, which, for transparency and consummate finish, may challenge comparison with even the most elaborate efforts of the Dutch masters.

THE SCULPTURE we must decline to notice in detail. Suffice it to say that its character scarcely reaches to mediocrity. This is not surprising, for, until a suitable apartment, properly lighted, shall have been provided for this important section of Art, it were vain to expect our sculptors to contribute any of their valuable efforts. Their productions are surely entitled to a treatment more generous than has hitherto been accorded to them. If Painting and Sculpture be in reality sister Arts, let them be practically recognised as such at our public exhibitions, by being placed as far as possible on an equality.

Besides those paintings which have been referred to in this notice, there are many others contained in this excellent exhibition, and of whose character we have voluminous notes, but the state of our columns obliges us to hold our hand.

#### ROYAL MANCHESTER INSTITUTION.

##### THE THIRTY-FIFTH.

THE present collection is the very best we have ever seen displayed in this gallery. It consists in all of 694 works, the great mass of them of undoubted talent, with scarcely a single example of the mediocre. Both in oil and water-colour painting, never, perhaps, has a more choice collection of modern works been brought together in the provinces. Certain of them, as in the case of the Liverpool Academy's Exhibition, were already known to us from their having been exhibited at the Royal Academy.

In the First Room, 'A Day's Sport in the Highlands,' No. 1, W. UNDERHILL, fulfils, in natural truth of description, as in the arrangement of its objective, the expectation created by its title: the human figures, the pony, and the varied specimens of game, are brought forward from a broken, rocky background, with excellent force and solidity, and, without being garish, are rich and telling in colour.

'Mr. Shandy and the Tailor,' No. 7, A. ELMORE, A.R.A. The persons characteristically delineated, and placed under a most effective arrangement of light.

'View in Derbyshire,' No. 10, Miss B. NASH-MYTH. An example of sweet and careful pencilling.

'Christ Weeping over Jerusalem,' No. 12, A. SCHEFFER, is not one of the best examples of this gifted artist; and, though it be impressive in character, it does not displace in our esteem the noble work, with the same title, by Sir C. Eastlake, P.R.A., an engraving from which has been published in the *Art-Journal*.



'The Avenue, Guy's Cliff,' No. 15, J. D. WINGFIELD. The group of figures treated somewhat à la Watteau, and very careful, and the landscape with much more of natural truth than is usually observable in the works of that French master.

'In the Highlands of Perthshire,' No. 16, A. W. WILLIAMS; a large and well-filled canvas, the objective a powerful description of a scene in the more northern parts of the 'land of the mountain and the flood.' The forms of the boulders in the foreground, the markings of their granulation and fissures, bespeak the author's acquaintance with geology; and the happy manner in which one mass of mountain is made to carry off another—measuring, as it were, every mile of the distance—proves how close has been the artist's reading of Nature. It is a noble work.

F. Y. HURSTON'S 'Goatherds of the Abruzzi,' No. 17. Of vigorous truth, and in much better colour than usual.

'Dutch Coast Scene,' No. 20, E. W. COOKE, A.R.A. If the general visitor can estimate the pictorial effect of Mr. Cooke's marine subjects, the eye and mind of the seagoer are delighted with the drawing, tone, and texture of the objective, finding peculiar relish in tracing the nautical correctness with which every detail is made out, and the truth and impress with which the shipping and craft are disposed in his compositions. The present is an excellent example.

Of G. E. HICKS'S 'Hark, the Lark at Heaven's Gate Sings!' No. 23, which was at the Royal Academy, we have already spoken; and a renewed acquaintance with it only serves to deepen our sense of its sterling merit.

T. S. COOPER, A.R.A., 'Landscape and Cattle,' No. 28, is a work in his usual manner, which will sustain the artist's well-earned reputation.

No. 29, 'Distant View of St. Michael's Mount,' J. CALLOW, partakes of the attributes which qualify those works by the same artist, which are noticed in our report of the Liverpool Academy's Exhibition.

H. O'NEIL'S 'Return of the Wanderer,' No. 34. A large work, full of subject, solemnly felt, brought forward in a sound arrangement of colour, and most minutely elaborated.

No. 35, 'Temple of Bassae, Arcadia,' E. LEAR. The objective of unquestionable substance—the treatment broad and impressive.

SIR EDWIN LANDSEER, R.A., sends his well-known 'Random Shot,' No. 42, a work intensely felt, and, we need scarcely say, of wondrous executive power.

T. F. MARSHALL'S fine picture, 'The Arrest of Louis XVI. and his Family,' No. 47, is a favourable specimen of what may be achieved in the walk of history, when the workings of the artist's intellect and will are consentaneous. The incident is strikingly imagined, and vigorously expressed.

Of W. LINTON'S 'Ruins of the Castellum of the Aqueduct at Rome,' No. 48, we have merely to repeat, in brief, our formerly expressed opinion: that it is very fine as a subject, rendered in mellow and harmonious tint, and of firm and decided manipulation.

No. 53, 'Jacob's Well,' J. F. HERRING. Not only are the horses and camels correctly designed, natural in pose, and of his well-known executive skill; but the glowing atmosphere is delightfully pronounced, and there is a development of feeling throughout the entire work, for the capacity of realising which, the public in general had not given the artist the credit of which he has herein proved himself to be deserving.

No. 65, by E. F. HOLT, appears without a definite title, but is evidently intended as a description of "Prometheus Chained." The figure of the Titan is in the nude, with the usual adjuncts; and the artist's anatomical knowledge and careful study of the life, as well as his mastery of colour, are evident in the design, the admirable foreshortening, and the round and vigorous, yet elaborate treatment.

No. 72, 'Spring,' T. WEBSTER, R.A. A delightfully felt cabinet specimen, the subject (juveniles) grouped and brought forward with the artist's usual excellence, in a rural landscape, and the whole of precious colour and finish.

No. 77, 'Grace before Meat,' and No. 90, 'Grace after Meat,' T. EARL. In each has the artist described a rough-haired terrier, bringing out in his pose and expression a very clever and amusing realisation of the titles.

No. 78, 'Hearty Welcome,' G. B. O'NEILL. A common incident in English rustic life, thoroughly felt, in nice colour, and conscientiously described.

No. 85, 'Evening on the Prairie,' J. W. GLASS. Three mounted settlers on the look-out, painted under an effect of level sunlight, very really translated, subject and treatment concurring in the production of an estimable work.

No. 86, 'Early Morning on the Thames,' H. J. BODDINGTON. Picturesque and pleasing in subject, and its value enhanced by intelligent treatment. The surface is of exceeding finish.

No. 91, 'Maria Tricks Malvolio,' W. P. FIRTH, R.A. A vividly natural interpretation of the passage quoted in the catalogue, manipulated with exceeding care, and in colour round, brilliant, and harmonious.

No. 95, 'Crossing the Brook,' J. LINNELL. Subjects under this title have been often treated, and with diverse interpretations; but here, at least, brought forward in a manner by no means common-place—a horse and cart in a rough, wooded hollow, the work of an original mind and hand, instructed by nature and nature only.

No. 99, 'Fishing-Boats leaving Howth,' E. HAYES, A.R.H.A. Correct in drawing, and freshly and spiritedly touched.

No. 100, 'Barmouth Sands,' A. CLINT. A splendid breezy sky, with rolling grey clouds, flinging shadows upon the sandy beach, figures and all accessories kindred to the place skilfully introduced and cleanly finished.

No. 101, 'Mountain Solitude,' W. UNDERHILL. A young woman sitting beneath a rocky bank, apparently

"in maiden meditation, fancy free,"

naturally felt, and painted with commendable solidity and depth.

J. S. RAVEN, a young artist who is making rapid way in the right direction, has sent a woody landscape, No. 107, with the title, 'The Heronry, Windsor Forest,' which is one of the most highly characterized paintings in the exhibition, whether for the richness, depth, and harmony of its tints, its elevated feeling, its intense realisation of natural objects, or its masterly executive. The author is in the right course, and with constant and careful reading of nature, must eventually take a high position in the school of English landscape.

With many works in this fine collection circumstances oblige us to deal more briefly than we could wish, and without further explanation we proceed to say that W. PARROT'S 'Port of Genoa,' No. 108, is a large canvas with a diversified range of objective, the whole being skilfully and elaborately rendered.

'Castle of Elit,' No. 112, Mrs. W. OLIVER, clear in colour and vigorous in execution.

In No. 114, 'The Swoon of Endymion,' J. G. NARR, the bevy of nude nymphs are freely designed, gracefully grouped, the fleshies clear in tone and worked with amenity, and all the accessories made intelligently subordinate and responsive to the main action.

W. H. HUNT'S 'Valentine rescuing Sylvia from Proteus,' No. 115, is beautiful in outline, but perhaps somewhat "painty," and savouring too strongly of the hardness of pre-Raphaelitism.

'Sunny Moments,' No. 119, J. MOGFORD. A Devonshire beach scene, deliciously described, and faithfully realising the title.

'The Sylvan Spring,' No. 120, R. REDGRAVE, R.A., seemingly a composition, and of exceeding refinement. There is, perhaps, a want of crispness in the system of leafing—if system it be.

'The Parade, Tunbridge Wells,' No. 124, C. R. STANLEY. How solid, and how really translated are the trees of the Old Walk, presented in shadow. Nothing could be more true to nature and to the place.

'English Gamekeeper,' No. 128, and 'Scotch Gamekeeper,' No. 131, a pair, by R. ANSDALL, nationally individualised, and with all their varied adjuncts produced in round and telling colour,

elaborately worked and most skilfully disposed. In the former subject there is a dead hare, which is so realised and relieved that it seems capable of being lifted from the canvas: if any similar object have hitherto been more truthfully described, we have never seen it.

No. 130, 'Ruins of St. Catherine, near Guilford,' G. COLE. A sunny effect, described with natural truth. The water flowing under the rustic bridge is absolute perfection, and the eye is seduced, as it were, over the sweetly graduated distances, every object being so truly placed in aerial perspective.

No. 142, 'Scene near Inysybuth, S. Wales,' J. TENNANT. An upright wooded lane, very careful, and of great purity of tone.

A work by D. MACLISE, R.A., entitled, generally, 'From the "Midsummer Night's Dream,"' No. 144, is crowded with subject, of marvellous invention, embodying rampant mischief and drollery, and in every passage teeming with the luxuriance of Shakespeare's wondrous fancy. On reading this clever work, and calling to mind others which have proceeded from the same magic pencil, it is difficult to avoid the inference that from this origin have been reflected some, at least, of the images so successfully remodelled by a cotemporary artist. This fine work having been purchased by the Messrs. Agnew, of Manchester, we trust that it is their intention to engrave it for publication.

The most successful effort of SIDNEY R. PERCY'S pencil, that we have as yet seen, is 'A View on the Llydyr, North Wales,' No. 155. In subject it resembles those scenes which the artist habitually paints, and in which he is followed by his relative, Mr. A. W. Williams. In the centre is a mountain tarn, with adjuncts of rocks, cattle, &c. Stretching athwart a quiet pool, is a range of large stones, whose family is so accurately defined that the picture might be used, instead of the natural objects, as an illustration in a lecture by Murchison, Sedgwick or Phillips. No imitation could possibly be more truthful.

J. V. GIBSON'S 'Travelling Tinker,' No. 166, is happily felt, and finished with a Dutch elaborateness.

'The First of September,' No. 168, E. J. KEELING, is nice in colour and natural in expression. The pose and passion of the dogs "setting" are excellently described.

Nos. 187 and 259, by J. A. HAMMERSLEY, F.S.A., are transcripts of Derbyshire scenes, in which the natural structure of the limestone and tufa rocks is correctly rendered. The broad-leaved plants abounding in such localities, are freely and powerfully pencilled, and the general characteristics of the scenery faithfully depicted.

No. 195, 'Drawing for the Militia,' J. PHILLIP. A large, crowded canvas, full of bustle and exhibiting a great variety of sentiment and character, every part being carefully made out.

No. 216, by C. EARLES, an illustration of 'Then said he to the disciple, behold thy mother,' is deeply felt and delightfully expressed, free and eloquent in outline, and of the most careful executive.

No. 219, 'Old Windmill, Coast of Holland,' A. MONTAGUE. In subject and tone it resembles the works of the late John Wilson, but the feeling is one of greater refinement, and the manipulation much more careful than was usual with that clever artist.

No. 225, 'Edinburgh from Arthur's Seat,' S. BOVEN. Very like the place, and, with a greater amount of warm, positive colour in the excellently drawn foreground, would be an effective picture.

No. 227, 'Anxiety,' R. CARRICK. A bit of pure nature, touchingly rendered.

No. 233, 'The Fairies' Glen, on the Conwy,' J. P. PETTIT. A circular canvas of ambitious dimensions: the river bed impressively described, under a mysterious atmospheric effect, such as may be conceived to be in accordance with the revels of the alleged supernatural habits of the scene. The whole is of the most careful finish.

In 'The Cabin Door,' by J. J. HILL, the common incident of a rustic girl giving a drink to a child, is made important by the pleasing expression, as well as by intelligent and careful treatment.



J. DANNY'S 'Carnarvon Castle,' No. 248, is like the place, and pronounced effectively under a warm telling atmosphere.

'Queen Elizabeth and the Countess of Nottingham,' No. 256, P. LEVIN. On the whole, the feeling of this hackneyed subject is well interpreted; and the costume of the Queen is, indeed, a perfect study.

'Lyndell,' No. 257, G. HAYES. Broad, spirited and effective.

'Myrrha,' No. 264, by J. SANT, wants a reflection of the soul and passionate beauty of the heroine of Byron's 'Sardanapalus.'

No. 272. 'Lady Drawing,' J. G. GILBERT, R.S.A. Good in colour, with a fine arrangement of light and shade.

No. 275. 'Storm clearing off—Coast of Devon,' J. TENNANT. The effect impressive: sea and sky well balanced, and both made admirably responsive to the influence of the wind.

No. 277. 'Consolation,' C. W. COPE, R.A. The subject, a child comforting a Weeping Mother, is described with such a depth of feeling as immediately to find its way to the heart.

No. 279. 'The Cherry-seller,' G. SMITH. In fine colour and amazingly elaborate.

No. 290. 'Trees on the banks of the Taw, Devon,' F. R. LEE, R.A. The scene shows a bend of the river, full of repose; the trees branched with natural truth, and the foliage loosely and lightly treated.

No. 335. 'Scene on the Ogwen,' T. BAKER. Not an effective work when viewed at what Bob Acres would call a "gentlemanly distance," albeit notable for all that neatness of pencilling which is characteristic of the author's works.

No. 357. 'Catharine of Arragon,' H. O'NEIL. An impressively felt picture, and of most elaborate finish.

No. 368. 'Fishing Boats off Fecamp,' JOHN WILSON. His very best work, the craft being accurately drawn and posed, the sea fresh and flowing and rippled to perfection, and the general effect clearly and powerfully pronounced.

No. 372. 'Pride and Poverty,' G. ARMFIELD. Two dogs, contrasted in the way indicated in the title, and treated with an intelligence and power worthy of Sir Edwin Landseer himself.

No. 404. 'St. John and the Virgin Mary, returning from the Crucifixion,' R. NORBURY. A profoundly impressive work, whether considered in its scheme of composition, in the depth of feeling which impenetrates every passage, or the minuteness and care with which it is elaborated. Its sterling qualities will make it live long in the memories of all who have read its impressive lesson, and have even a common capacity of appreciation.

But we are again reminded that we must avoid detailed analysis, and have recourse to the simple duty of enumerating a few of the more highly characterized works. In this way, then, let the following be indicated:—

No. 415. 'The Oeschinen Thal, Switzerland,' H. C. SHELTON. No. 433. 'Escape of Prince Charles and Flora MacDonald,' J. L. BRODIE; No. 512. 'Rouen Cathedral,' J. DOBBIN; all of which are of a respectable class of Art.

No. 520. 'Derwent Water and Bassenthwaite,' A. PENLEY. Very elaborate; perhaps too fiery in tone.

No. 521. 'Etna, from Taormina,' C. VACHER. A sweep of gloriously broken coast, the descriptive tints whereof embrace the entire range of the prism. No doubt the general character is gorgeous, but it strikes us that the picture is greatly overcoloured.

No. 526. 'An Italian Port,' T. L. ROWBOTHAM. The subject varied and rich in material, the parts well connected, the quality of colour unobjectionable, and the manipulation of exceeding care.

No. 531. 'Paul and Silas in Prison,' E. H. CORBOULD. A clever interpretation of the passage quoted—perhaps savouring too much of the melodramatic.

No. 532. 'Hydrangeas,' V. BARTHOLOMEW. As near to nature as it is possible to conceive.

No. 535. 'The Golden Horn, Constantinople,' W. C. SMITH. Quite a scene. Architecture, sacred and military, foliage, human figures, sea (the Bosphorus), ranges of distant mountains,

fill up every inch of the surface with valuable material, and all the objects are worked most carefully, as well as presented in pure and lustrous tint. But words are inadequate to do justice to this magnificent work: to be appreciated it must be seen.

Equally estimable with the last is No. 544, H. WARREN'S 'The First Sunset.' It shows an agroupment of Adam and Eve in Paradise, surrounded by the glories of primeval nature, which are brought forward in gorgeous robes, and with a perfect prodigality of imagination. The whole scene is of extraordinary force and splendour; and, if we could but receive it as a paradigm of Nature's forms and colours, the picture would be nearly perfect.

No. 555. 'Gulnare,' C. A. DU VAL. An excellently conceived head. The expression externally unmoved, yet what a depth of passion is reflected from those dark, lustrous eyes!

No. 561. 'A Day among the Windsor Oaks,' W. C. SMITH. Pure and forceful nature.

No. 569. 'Carlingford Bay,' H. GASTINEAU. A large canvas, well filled with a subject so picturesque, that it may be said almost to paint itself. The sky is a noble one, and the entire range of objective brought out with unquestionable power.

On the WATER-COLOUR SCREENS are No. 581, 'Salvator Rosa proving his Identity,' G. CATTERMOLE. Full of subject, in character sketchy and powerful, with a fine distribution of colour.

No. 583. 'Tired Pilgrims at the Well, Cairo,' L. HAGHE. An estimable work; the figures effectively disposed, and their varied intellectual phases strikingly marked; the upright figure of the Arab sheikh is quite a study; but, indeed, every individual passage seems to have been as thoroughly studied as it is carefully pencilled.

No. 584. 'Dogs,' Sir E. LANDSEER, R.A. Very slight, yet so masterly in touch as not to be mistaken for the work of any other artist, ancient or modern.

No. 585. 'The Larder,' F. TAYLOR. Elaborate and naturally true.

No. 590. 'Bird's Nest,' W. HUNT. The background seems to be a fragment of real mossy bank, pressed under the glass by the picture-framer; and the eggs are so thoroughly realised, that were it not for the glass protection, any truant needs only put forth his hand and remove them from the nest.

No. 592. 'The Harvest Field,' D. COX. Vigorous and truthful nature.

W. HUNT'S 'Group of Fruit,' No. 600, and Mrs. V. BARTHOLOMEW'S 'Fruit,' No. 617, are eminently natural and effective translations.

E. DUNCAN'S 'Vracking Harvest,' No. 601. A sea-shore with figures, full of action, fine in tint, and most carefully worked.

T. M. RICHARDSON'S 'Peat Moss, Banavie,' No. 603. Of refined and forceful treatment.

J. B. SMITH'S 'Llanercoast Abbey,' No. 604. Elaborately worked, and brought forward under a mellow sunset effect.

#### SCULPTURE.

Among the specimens in the nook appropriated to this section of Art, are Baron MAROCHETTI'S characteristic 'Bust in marble of the late Salis Swabe, Esq.,' who was a benevolent and respected citizen of the cotton metropolis; F. THURP'S statue in marble of 'Hope,' a refined conception, exquisitely realised; W. THEED'S 'Bust in marble of W. S. Stell, Esq.,' in which the lines of the modern English costume are freely and happily carried off by means of the flowing folds of a cloak; the pleasing group of 'Ino and the Infant Bacchus,' J. H. FOLEY, A.R.A., a short time since engraved in this journal; T. EARLE'S 'Abel and Thyra,' instinct with tender sympathetic feeling, and treated intelligently and refinedly; J. BELL'S statue of 'Armed Science,' a highly characterized performance; the same artist's statue in marble, 'The Child's Attitude,' unmaneuvered, and palpitating with young life; and, last and greatest, Mr. BELL'S model of a statue—to be executed in marble for the Westminster Palace—of 'Sir Robert Walpole,' free and flowing in its lines, and reflecting in its attitude and expression what the subject felt in his days of prosperity—a consciousness of great political power.

#### THE ROYAL PICTURES.

##### THE EMPTY CHAIR: ABBOTSFORD.

Sir W. Allan, R.A., Painter. H. Lemon, Engraver.  
Size of the Picture, 2 ft. 9 in. by 2 ft. 9 in.

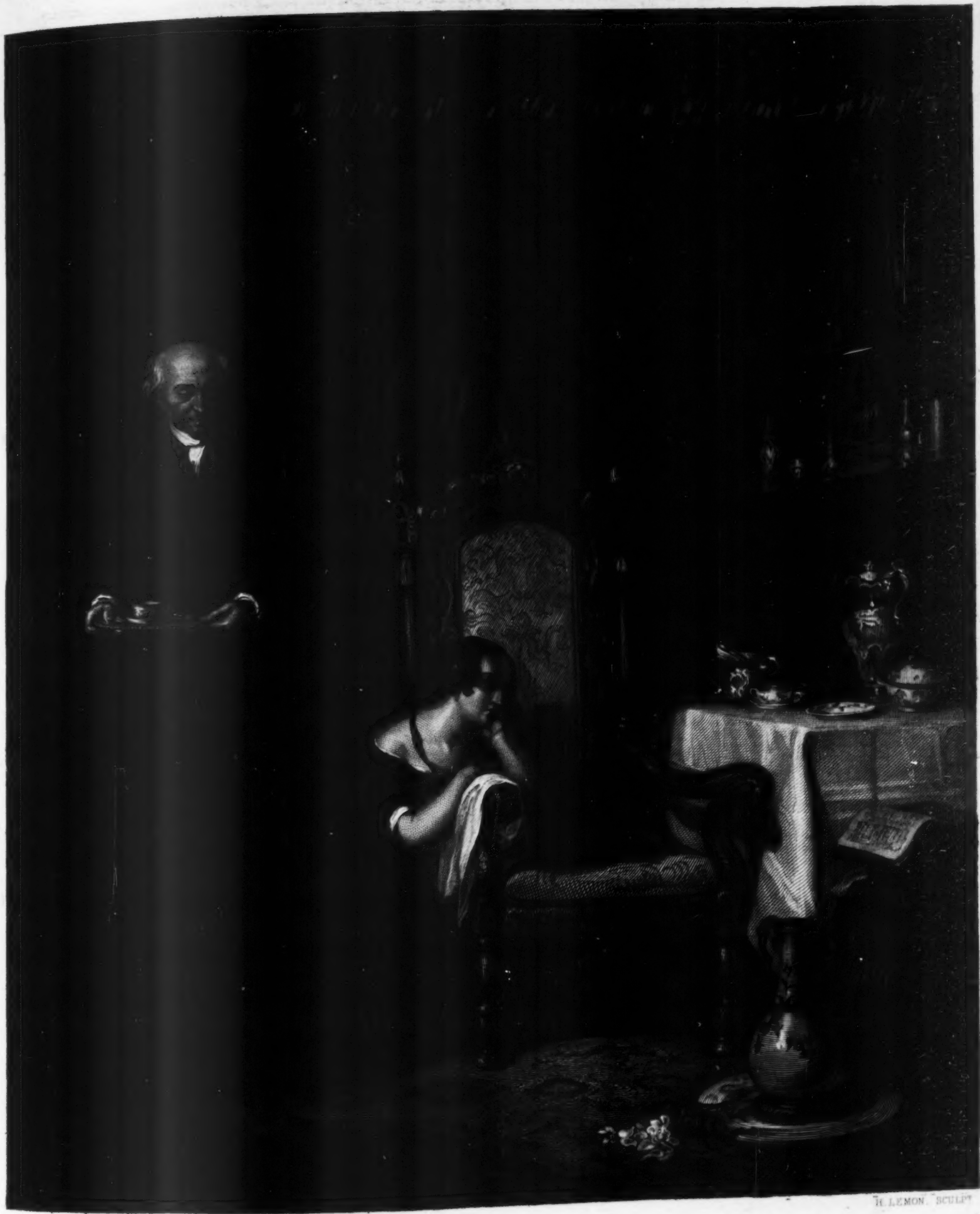
SCOTLAND has a right to claim an ample share in the honours of British art; for in this, no less than in all else arising from the application of great intellectual powers, she has maintained her position almost side by side with her sister countries. The names of Burns and Thomson, of Napier and Ferguson, will be handed down to posterity in the same roll of British poets and men of science that contains those of Shakespeare and Milton, Locke and Bacon; while, in the annals of art, Wilkie, Allan, and Gainsborough will not be omitted where Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Constable are written of.

Sir William Allan was born at Edinburgh, in 1782; and, evincing at an early age a love of the Fine Arts, was placed as a student in the "Trustees' Academy" of that city—a public institution at that time somewhat analogous to the schools of our Royal Academy, in which Allan afterwards studied. Not meeting with much encouragement when he commenced his professional practice in London, he at once, and with that characteristic energy he always manifested, determined to seek his fortune abroad, and that too very wisely, in a country where he would find few competitors—namely, Russia. But his object was not so much to procure a livelihood, as to study, among a people from whom he might obtain subjects for his pencil which should present some novelty to his countrymen at home. The vessel in which he embarked was wrecked near Memel; but in no way disheartened by this ominous mischance, and by his losses, which, under his circumstances, were considerable, he took up his abode at a small inn, and though unacquainted with the language of the country, commenced portrait painting, having received, through the captain of the vessel in which he sailed from England, an introduction to the Danish consul at Memel. He was thus enabled to recruit his exhausted finances; and then he proceeded overland to St. Petersburg: here his countryman, Sir Alexander Crichton, physician to the Imperial family, was the means of finding him abundant employment in portrait painting. After a somewhat lengthened residence in St. Petersburg, sufficiently long indeed to enable him to acquire the Russian language, he left the capital and travelled into the Ukraine, where he remained some years; making, however, excursions into the adjacent countries, "among Cossacks, Circassians, Turks, and Tartars, visiting their huts and tents, studying their history, character, costume, and collecting a rich museum of their arms and armour."

After an absence of ten years, Allan returned to England—in 1814—and to the place of his birth: here the most distinguished artists and literati of Scotland visited him and made his acquaintance. In the following year he exhibited his first picture, "Circassian Captives," at Somerset House, in the rooms then occupied by the Royal Academy. Space precludes our following him through his future career as an artist: it should, however, be mentioned that at subsequent periods of his life he visited Italy, Turkey, Greece, Asia Minor, Spain, France, Belgium, and Russia a second time. He was elected into the Royal Academy in 1835, and succeeded Wilkie as President of the Royal Scottish Academy in 1841: he died in 1850.

Among the intimate friends of Allan was Sir Walter Scott: this will account for the picture which is here engraved. We know not the circumstances under which it was painted, but we have little doubt of the incident it illustrates being a real, and not an imaginary one; at all events, every one who has heard or read of Miss Scott's devotion to her father will conceive the artist has not exaggerated her grief at his death. The story is most touchingly and affectingly told; it requires neither description nor comment—both would appear uncalled-for.

The picture was purchased by William IV.: it is in the Collection at Buckingham Palace.



SIR W. ALLAN, RA. PINXT.

J. LEMON. SCULPT.

THE EMPTY CHAIR; ABBOTSFORD.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE ROYAL COLLECTION

LONDON, PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS





## ART IN THE PROVINCES.

GLASGOW.—The drawing for the prizes of the Glasgow Art-Union took place at the end of September, in the Merchant House Hall, in that city. Principal Macfarlan, who occupied the chair, stated that the number of subscribers, which a few years ago was only 2000 or 3000, was now upwards of 17,000, being an increase on last year of 7000. The association had purchased as prizes above 160 paintings, valued from 400*l.* to 4*l.*, some of which were inferior to few works of Art of modern times. The report of the committee intimated that, in addition to the prize paintings, about 50 bronzes and 50 statuettes would be distributed, as also 1000 copies of a chromo-lithograph fac-simile of a painting by Gilbert, of "Spanish Peasants going to Market." Next year the subscribers will be offered an engraving of Macfarlan's admired painting of "Noah's Sacrifice." The Glasgow Art-Union well deserves all the success which has attended it—a success arising from the liberality of the management, and the exertions which have been made in all directions to promote its interests.

THE SCHOOL OF DESIGN AT BELFAST is, it appears, to be re-opened: it has been closed for a year, in consequence of misunderstandings with the managers of the government School of Art. Who those "managers" now are we cannot tell: Mr. Cole has been absent in Paris for some six or eight months, and Mr. Redgrave is one of the Art-jury there. "My lords" of the Board of Trade have no doubt representatives—somewhere. Meanwhile the majority of the provincial schools are in a state of inanition, waiting for some concessions—or something. A few of them, like that at Belfast, have been entirely shut for some time. The main points in the statement issued by the committee at Belfast are as follow:—"The school has been closed for upwards of a year. This was owing to the withdrawal by the Board of Trade of a grant which had up to that time been annually made for the salaries of the masters, and other incidental expenses of the school. The Board of Trade contended that the school ought to be self-supporting; and that, beyond certain school materials, and a guarantee of a minimum salary to the master, no aid should be afforded by government. The committee, on the contrary, were of opinion that, having regard to the means of the class of artisans and workmen for whose instruction the school was mainly intended, and to the novelty of these establishments, it was impossible to provide for all the expenses by means of the fees of pupils, and that, therefore, aid from government, or from private subscriptions, must be obtained. A lengthened correspondence, and much personal communication, have taken place between the officers of the Board of Trade and the committee; and the Board of Trade, in order to have the school re-opened, have agreed to modify certain of their arrangements which were objectionable to the committee." No doubt ere long we shall be called upon to treat this always embarrassing subject. We believe it will be brought before Parliament early in the session.

BIRMINGHAM SOCIETY OF ARTISTS.—The Annual Exhibition of Modern Art in this city is now open, and the catalogue comprises 469 pictures and drawings, with three specimens of sculpture. As usual, the works of attraction in the gallery are lent by the respective owners, among which are most conspicuous, the "Sir Roger de Coverley going to Church," by Leslie, R.A., contributed by the Marquis of Lansdowne; "The Barber's Shop," by Mulready, R.A., lent by R. Hemmings, Esq.; and others by Cooper, A.R.A., F. Danby, A.R.A., Frost, A.R.A., Hart, R.A., Macfarlan, R.A., and a few others. Among our deceased artists of eminence are pictures by Haydon, Collins, Etty, and Hollins. The "Eastlake" Prize has been awarded to W. T. Roden, of Birmingham, for his picture of "Christ Healing the Man Sick of the Palsy," as we stated in our last number; and the prize of the Society, given for the best original work exhibited, open to all living artists, was given to W. B. Knight, for his picture, exhibited this year at the Royal Academy, of "The Broken Window; or, Who Threw the Stone?" The pictures generally which are for sale call for no particular notice—they comprise the usual names found in all the provincial displays; but the marble bust of the late John Rhodes, Esq., by Peter Hollins, is so remarkably full of life, that it constitutes quite a gem among a host of mediocrity.

NORWICH.—The Exhibition has been this year unusually successful, as 300*l.* worth of pictures have been sold, and on the occasion of the last Exhibition only one picture was sold, for 30*l.* Amongst the names of those artists who have been fortunate this year in disposing of their works are the following:—E. Boddington, J. W. Bouvier, F. B. Bar-

well, M. E. Cotman, W. Callow, J. Callow, W. Duffield, T. Lound, Miss Margetson, C. L. Nursey, Mrs. Oliver, W. S. Rose, S. D. Swarbrick, W. H. Vernon, A. Vickers, C. J. W. Winter, H. B. Willis. The Mayor of Norwich has purchased one of Willis for 50*l.* The Art-Union which was raised in connection with the Exhibition has not been so successful as could be wished, in consequence of the shortness of time that elapsed between obtaining the authority from the Board of Trade and the closing of the Exhibition; but as this authority runs on for future years, a much more successful result may be anticipated hereafter. With regard to the financial part of the Exhibition, the committee have this year paid all liabilities, and have a small balance at the banker's, which was contrary to the expectations of those who were formerly connected with the society; as at the last Exhibition the committee had to call upon the public to pay their outstanding debts.

## OBITUARY.

MR. JOSEPH FRANCIS GILBERT.

Information has reached us of the death of this artist, on the 25th of September, in the sixty-fourth year of his age, after having suffered, through four years and a half, from a severe attack of paralysis. Mr. Gilbert was a resident of Chichester for many years, but he died, we believe, in London.

He was the second son of the late Mr. Edward Gilbert, the inventor of several ingenious plans for firing bombs, in carrying out which his family became involved in great difficulties; but amidst all these trials the son pursued his studies as a landscape-painter; and till within a very few years was a constant exhibitor at the Royal Academy and the British Institution. Some of his earlier works have been engraved on a large scale, a "View of East Street, Chichester," published in 1814, under the patronage of the late Duke of Richmond; "Goodwood Race-course—'Priam' winning the Gold Cup," published in 1831; a "View of Cowdray Ruins, near Midhurst, Sussex," a highly picturesque plate. For the Westminster Hall Exhibition Mr. Gilbert contributed a picture, the subject of which was "Edwin and Emma," from a poem by Mallett.

## ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

PARIS.—The closing of the Grand Exhibition is fixed for the 15th of November. Several attempts to prolong it have been made by the administration without success, one of which was to shut up during the winter, and re-open in May next, but the difficulties have been found insurmountable. The medals are to be distributed with great ceremony in the building, for which purpose a portion of the exhibitors, those in the transept, have received notice that shortly they will have to clear away, in order to prepare the palace for the distribution. There have been several reports spread about in the different newspapers concerning the painting by Meissonier, presented to H.R.H. Prince Albert by the Emperor; the following is the true one. This painting was sold to M. Tedesco, picture-dealer, for 15,000*l.*, under the agreement that it should be exhibited, and if sold during the exhibition for a larger sum, the surplus should be divided between the artist and the dealer. When Meissonier explained this to M. Nieuwerkerke, that gentleman immediately handed over 10,000*l.* surplus, so that the painting really was sold for 1000*l.*, of which sum Meissonier got 20,000*l.*, and Tedesco 5000*l.* It is rumoured that the four medals for the Fine Arts are to be given to Ingres, Delacroix, Meissonier, and Troyon, all French. I think Mulready in the English, and Leys in the Belgium school, equal to any of the above; neither the French school nor any other had ever Mulready's superior, and many French artists agree in this. Several of the statues commanded for the Carronnel have been refused by the commission as negligently done; there are new ones constantly being erected. The tomb of a Phœnician king has been discovered at Beyrout; it has been purchased, with a Hebrew manuscript, by the Duke of Luynes, and presented by him to the Institute; it will finally be placed in the Louvre.—A Boulevard is to be constructed, called "Boulevard Victoria;" it will be situated in the heart of Paris.

## MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

"THE NIGHTINGALE FUND."—Three months ago, we announced that a project was on foot, to present to Miss NIGHTINGALE some expression of a nation's gratitude for services incalculably great. These services are so well known and so universally appreciated that any observations concerning them are needless: it will suffice to say that during the present frightful war in the East 6000 sick or wounded soldiers have, so to speak, "passed through her hands." The "country" can and does reward with honours and more substantial recompense, the soldiers and sailors who survive: but it would be difficult, if not impossible, to devise any mode of honouring and rewarding the heroic women who have brought healing to the sick-bed or smoothed and tranquillised the bed of death, other than that spontaneous and general expression of public feeling which will ere long be asked for on their behalf. A movement in this direction was naturally looked for: it was commenced by Mrs. S. C. Hall; her original idea was to confine it to the women of England, who may be said to have been especially represented at Scutari and Balaklava by Miss Nightingale and her brave associates. Mainly at the suggestion of the Hon. Mrs. Sidney Herbert, however, this view has been enlarged. That lady was among the first to whom Mrs. Hall applied, and her authority affords sufficient assurance that while Miss Nightingale would decline any personal tribute, she would receive money to be used in the public service, by enabling her to work out her system of providing properly trained and educated nurses, not alone for public hospitals but for private homes.—It is in this form and for this purpose, therefore, "the Nightingale Fund" will be raised—one of its leading features being to prevent the dispersion of the nurses (now occupied, under the superintendence of Miss Nightingale, in the East) when it shall please God to restore us to peace. There will be no second opinion upon the immense benefits that might follow—to rich and poor. Thus, the proposed testimonial may be said to have two objects: the one is to testify the affection and gratitude of a whole people to Miss Nightingale and her associates: the other to introduce such a vast improvement into a totally neglected branch of the public service, as shall render it effectual in the event of another war, during the continuance of the present, and also in a time of peace, to heal or lessen the maladies incident to humanity. To accomplish such objects, money will surely be supplied: an account even now is opened at Coutts's bank: and very soon a committee will be formed, when operations will commence, probably, in every town of Great Britain. It may be well to observe that there is no idea of a plan to erect a hospital specially: Miss Nightingale will no doubt accept the control and direction of some existing institution for carrying out her system, as far as nursing is concerned: while provision will be made for the protection of nurses during their labours and in cases of infirmity or old age. It may also be regarded as certain that Miss Nightingale has no intention of limiting her system to the employment of "nurses" who have no pecuniary needs: although it is probable that the offers of persons (like herself and a few others now acting with her) in independent circumstances would not be refused. It is scarcely necessary to add, however, that the intended testimonial will not be hampered by conditions or restrictions which would deprive it of its honour and its value. Miss Nightingale has earned by her past entire confidence in her future: full reliance may be placed in her high integrity as well as in her matured experience; and it is scarcely too much to say there is not a single individual in the kingdom desiring to subscribe to "THE NIGHTINGALE FUND" who will have any apprehension concerning the expenditure of any sum he or she may contribute.

MADAME LIND GOLDSCHMIDT (in reply to an application addressed to her by Mrs. S. C. Hall) has expressed an intention to visit London, for the special purpose of giving a concert in aid of the proposed NIGHTINGALE FUND. We cannot doubt



that this noble offer will be gratefully accepted by the Committee, and that a very general support will mark the public appreciation of it.

**THE NEW BUILDINGS, SOMERSET HOUSE.**—The offices of the Inland Revenue forming an addition to Somerset House, in Wellington Street South—and which will consist of a centre and two projecting wings—are at length giving signs of completion. The wings are finished, and the backs of the houses of Somerset Place have been taken down, prior to the erection of the new stone front to the centre, which, receding forty or fifty feet from the street, will have the advantage of greater play of light and shade, than is generally met with in London architecture. Somerset House—one of the greatest works of the class of public buildings, prior to the Houses of Parliament—and one most honourable to its architect Sir Wm. Chambers—after costing upwards of half a million of money was left incomplete. About the time of its architect's death in 1796, and till lately, the end next Wellington Street was a great eyesore, contrasting as it did with the finished river front—the latter a noble work, in spite of some weak points. The ill-advised occupying of the space eastward by the buildings for King's College, designed by Sir Robert Smirke in an opposite character of style, has prevented the accomplishment of Chambers's design, even as regards the river front; and, to preserve the uniformity of the existing portion on that side, the end of the new building has been set northward about twenty-five feet. The architect of the present addition, Mr. James Pennethorne, is adhering with great fidelity to the style and details of Chambers's architecture. The general elevations show a rusticated basement with windows, arch-headed, and having a continuous impost with fretwork; above which is an order of Composite columns and pilasters, the height of two storeys, surmounted by a balustrade with vases. The centre of each wing forms a loggia with balustrades, and is terminated by an attic with cornice, and with a coat of arms supported by reclining figures. This last feature is beautifully carved and designed. Some other sculptural accessories might have been better, had they also been newly modelled. We refer to the medallion heads in oval frames; these, here and in the old building, by no means equal the merit of the general ornamental work and sculpture—which, according to that smart writer, but incompetent and shameless critic, calling himself Anthony Pasquin, were by Carlini, Wilton, Geronzi, Nolken, and Bacon. The window-dressings and the balustrades—the latter are to extend along the whole line of footway—are also copied from the old work. The returns of the wings continue the pilasterade; but the general design of the centre consists of rusticated work up to the general cornice—according with the character of parts of the old building. It was intended to finish this portion with an attic storey,—but we hope that will not be carried out. A portion of the centre, we should say, was intended to project—the design corresponding with the centre of the wings, but omitting the loggia, substituting statues for vases, and crowning the portion of attic (which, there, might be retained) with a pediment and sculptured acroteria. Attached to the north wing is a porch of Ionic columns with rusticated shafts. We will not conclude without saying that both the architect and the government deserve praise for the manner in which this work, so far, has been carried out. We should however like to see the river terrace thrown open to the public, and the unsightly cemented chimneys which have been allowed to obtrude there removed.

**THE ARCHITECTURAL ASSOCIATION.**—The meetings of this society, in whose progress we feel much interest, commenced with a conversation, on the first Friday in last month. In the course of the evening an excellent address was delivered by the chairman, Mr. Alfred Bailey. Amongst subjects touched upon, we recognised several which had been treated of in the course of Mr. Edward Hall's paper on Art in Relation to Sanitary Improvement, published in our journal. The absence of anything deserving to be considered as design in the laying out of the London squares; the general character of the gardening;

of the railings and other adjuncts, and the melancholy dullness of the result; the necessity for more public places of resort with statues; and the relation between architectural beauty, enjoyment and health;—points to which so much importance was attached in these pages some days previously, were all referred to by the chairman; whilst he and Mr. Tite supplied us with a good instance of an open space utterly wanting in symmetrical and architectural character in the very heart of London; we mean Smithfield. Further, we are glad to see that the subject of pedestals for statues, to which we also gave some attention, is put forth as a subject for the Class of Design at the Association. We notice these coincidences of thought and opinion, not to impute anything on the score of omission of reference to our journal; for such coincidences necessarily arise spontaneously with individuals whose attention is habitually directed to collateral subjects; but, as we may be sometimes reflected upon by those who are not very familiar with our journal, for giving inadequate space to architecture, we may be excused for referring to the article in question by way of deprecation of the speaker's assertion, that that branch of the press which is devoted to his class of subjects "had become almost silent."

**THE ARCHITECTURAL MUSEUM.**—The lectures on alternate Monday evenings at this institution, commenced on the 15th ult. with a lecture "On Heraldry in connection with Architecture," by the Rev. C. Boutell; and the subsequent arrangements included the subjects of "Architectural Metal Work," by Mr. Skidmore; "Form and Light and Shade in Architectural Foliage," by Mr. J. K. Colling; "Colour and its use in Architectural Art," by Sir Walter C. James; and "The formation of a National Museum of Architectural Art," by Mr. C. Bruce Allen. We are glad to see that an arrangement has been made, by which the Department of Art will contribute 100*l.* per annum to the Museum in consideration of the permission to send 100 students to study there, and to have such casts as may be required to illustrate lectures. A class for the practice of carving in wood and stone, has been arranged at the museum. The rooms are open during the day from ten to four, except Saturday; and, during the next six weeks, on Monday and Wednesday evenings from seven to nine o'clock. Workmen are admitted in the evenings free; otherwise the admission is sixpence to non-subscribers, members paying one guinea, and students ten shillings and sixpence per annum.

**THE CAMPBELL MONUMENT.**—We postpone comments on this subject until the defence of the two executors are before us; at present our impression is that which we presume is shared in common with the public generally—believing that one of the most accomplished of our British sculptors has been first injured and then insulted.

**THE DULWICH PICTURES.**—It is said that this collection is to be removed to the National Gallery. We are not in possession of the facts connected with such movement, but at present do not see how it can be accomplished, because of "want of space."

**CARMICHAEL'S SKETCHES IN THE BALTIC.**—This distinguished marine artist, who was present at all the operations of the Baltic fleet, has returned with a portfolio rich with a series of the most interesting drawings, in which every incident of the Baltic expedition is commemorated. Mr. Carmichael was present at the bombardment of Sveaborg, and in such a position as to see the entire line of fire. By the aid of these drawings we arrive at the conviction in reference to this action, that it was one of the most complete and skilfully conducted achievements of which our naval history can boast. We glorify ourselves immeasurably at the announcement of victories purchased at the cost of a deluge of blood, yet we estimate but slightly a victory in the achievement of which the blood only of the enemy has flowed. Our vessels were fifty-six hours under the fire of the Sveaborg batteries; and is there no tribute of honour due to the surpassing seamanship which baffled the enemy's fire in so far as to render it almost entirely

innocuous! The admirable execution of the expedient of "veer and haul" by continually changing the berths of the ships, reduced to an impossibility the efficient pointing of the Russian guns. The drawing of this bombardment shows the line of attack of the rocket and mortar boats to be very much nearer the forts than could be understood from any newspaper account of the action: and a fierce conflagration is raging to an extent apparently of three quarters of a mile, which continued burning some days and occasioned an amount of loss, rain, and destruction that will never be fully known. This forms the subject of a large picture which the artist is painting to commission, and which we doubt not will be the most accurate battle composition ever painted, as it has so rarely happened that an artist has been enabled to see for himself and make sketches during the heat of an action. The number of drawings is one hundred and sixty, comprehending a variety of effects seen at different times at sea. There are views of Cronstadt almost within gunshot, showing the batteries, government buildings, lines of gunboats and of line of battle ships, the latter laid with their broadsides so as to assist the forts, some dismantled, others rigged, these being principally sheltered by the forts. The effects of the so-called infernal machines are shown on that occasion when they were exploded from the shore but at an ineffective distance from the ships. The water is thrown up in the form of a vast truncated cone. The shaking that such an explosion occasioned in the case of the *Merlin* is shown by the debris of the crockery in the sketch of one of the cabins. Many of the scenes are strictly characteristic of man-of-war life; there are "Divine Service on Board of the *Edinburgh*," a "Washing Day on the Island of Margen," a Picnic on the same island, and a drawing of much truth, the subject of which is one of the greatest difficulty, the entertainment of the Admiral by his officers. The views of Elsinore, Riga, Revel, and indeed of all the localities which the fleet visited, are given with the utmost accuracy, and these places the incidents of the war invest with a tenfold interest. Of the Baltic campaign every report has been received by the public with the utmost avidity, but these accounts convey only meagre information as to what has been effected at Sveaborg; we do not know the extent of the Russian loss, and we shall never hear it from themselves.

**THE "ARTIST,"** a weekly journal established a few months ago, after struggling through a brief existence is at length consigned to the tomb of the Capulets. We are not surprised at this, for it never showed signs of health and stability: its conductors, whose names are unknown to us, commenced their undertaking on the very worst principles, that of vilifying their contemporaries; like the lawyer, who, having nothing to say in favour of his client, sets to work to abuse the counsel of the opposing party. Here at the outset was an exhibition of weakness and bad taste, which was sure to bring its own punishment by creating disgust in every right-minded reader. A work conducted in such a spirit, and without a spark of talent or originality—for its principal articles, save the abusive contributions, were translations from German and French papers—could not do otherwise than fall to the ground.

**CLEVELAND.**—This charming residence, the property of her Grace the Duchess of Sutherland, was rebuilt, it will be remembered, a few years ago by Sir Charles Barry, since which time the interior has been under a course of progressive enrichment according to the refined tastes of the noble proprietress. Among the recent additions are two painted ceilings, executed by M. Auguste Horvieu, of 10, Portugal Street, Grosvenor Square, a painter of substantial reputation in this department of art. The more important picture is that on the ceiling of the principal staircase. The work is circular, the field of view being an opening to the sky, surrounded by a balustrade, composing with which are represented the Seasons—an elegant and appropriate subject, rendered by impersonations associated with accessories typical of the re-



volution year. And to these four figures increased interest has been imparted by a suggestion of the Duchess of Sutherland, that they should be portraits of members of her Grace's family. Accordingly, Spring, Summer, and Autumn are portraits of the Duchess of Argyll and the Ladies Blantyre and Kildare, and Winter is a portrait of the Marquis of Stafford. Each season is appropriately distinguished by its fruits and flowers, and Winter is endeavouring to warm himself at a wood fire. We cannot compliment the artist too highly on the manner in which he has treated his subject—there are air and attitude, and lightness and breadth successfully preserved. The subject has been treated by many eminent painters, in some versions we have seen the sky has been made to assist in the description, but the artist has wisely rejected such a treatment—for the necessary darkness of a wintry sky would have broken up the composition and destroyed the lightness which should characterise a painted ceiling. The whole is rich in colour, and where the tones are forced they come forward without any degree of heaviness, and tell effectively against the airy sky. The picture is immediately surrounded by a white cornice which, it may be presumed, will be painted or gilded, as it contrasts unfavourably with the picture, and the corners of the square are filled up with infantine figure compositions, painted in *gris à gris*. These corners would afford space for the introduction of groups of the attributes of the Seasons which would better support the picture. The other composition is in the ceiling of her Grace's dressing-room, and it shows a company of flying Cupids, which are drawn and painted with infinite grace and sweetness, and distinguished by movements very spirited. The subject of a small group, seated at the balustrade, is "The Judgment of Paris." These figures are also those of children, and upon this occasion there are but two ladies present, from whom the childish Paris turns, by a happy conception of the artist, to present the golden apple to some more beautiful witness of the decision supposed to be contemplating the picture. The picture on the staircase ceiling was painted in oil on canvas, and removed from the studio of the artist to the place which it now occupies—a method of working very convenient to the painter in comparison with the difficulty of working on the ceiling itself. The pictures in the dressing-room were executed on paper, also in oil, and then attached to the ceiling—and thus painted such works are better suited for our climate than fresco. We are only surprised that decorations of this kind are not more extensively sought; such pictures will endure for centuries, and they could, were it desirable, be so placed as to be removed were it necessary to do so. Many persons, however, who are very desirous of introducing works of this order into their mansions, are deterred either by want of knowledge where to obtain the requisite aid, or by a dread of the cost; such persons will do well to apply to Mr. Hervieu, and in both respects their difficulties will be removed.

**FORGED ANTIQUITIES.**—About a year ago the antiquaries of Paris were excited by the reported discovery of a Merovingian cemetery at a small village known as La Chapelle-St.-Eloi in the department of the Eure. The discovery was chiefly remarkable for an abundance of early inscriptions mostly traced upon Parian tiles, and bearing considerable resemblance to the famed Christian inscriptions on the catacombs at Rome. M. Lenormant, the well-known antiquary of Lyons, announced them as "the most venerable mementos of Christianity in Gaul," and another learned savant was about to make them the foundation of a work on the early Christian inscriptions of France. Meantime the collection was offered to the government for a large sum, and the rarity and curiosity of the discovery discussed. Among them were records of Childbert and Clothaire, of St. Germanus of Autun, and others which gave rise to much curious speculation. So important and so unique was this discovery, that it was resolved to form a committee of the principal antiquaries of the locality with the Marquis de Belleville at its head; they met, viewed the relics, examined

the evidence, and came to a conclusion that the entire affair was an ingenious, but thoroughly unprincipled trick; that the inscriptions are in fact recent fabrications on antique stones and tiles, and their report with their names appended has just been published as a warning to other savants of the trap laid for them. Whoever has "done the trick" must be a learned and experienced man; it shows the ability and dishonesty which are lying in wait for the unwary; and how dangerous it has become to be led too easily away by the most specious appearances. The magnitude of this trick, the boldness of its character, the ability and scholarship it involves give it a new and startling character. It rivals, and even exceeds, the picture frauds we have so often denounced; and we consider it as valuable collateral evidence of that fraud in Art, which acts so injuriously on the honest or unwary. That the very well-springs of history should thus be poisoned is a lamentable proof of mis-directed ability. It is to be hoped that the French "Comité des Arts et Monuments" will investigate this affair thoroughly; and if not able to punish, at least denounce, the persons who could thus mendaciously attempt to impose on a nation.

**THE PANOPTICON.**—To the attractions which belong to this exhibition there have been recently added some new scenes of the Crimean war; and a good descriptive lecture on Russian life by Mr. Leicester Buckingham, who varies the subject on alternate nights, by "a ramble through Venice," illustrated by dioramic views of the principal points of interest in that City of the Sea. The organ performances by Mr. Chipp; the demonstrations of machinery by Mr. Partington; the diver, and, though last not least the exquisitely beautiful fountain, are all items in the instructive amusements here offered to visitors, as well as a concert of vocal music, dioramic and cosmographic views, and the chance of loungers in the galleries picking up unthought-of information by watching ingenious artificers at work. Where so much is attempted it may seem invidious to name small faults, but we must confess to a feeling of lassitude creeping over us in the course of the evening: there is occasionally a want of verve in the proceedings; and the Crimean transparencies are sometimes too dim to be seen properly. Mr. Buckingham is among the best of our public lecturers; he is always clear and agreeable, but we remember his amusing narration of the adventures of Aladdin, and we hope he has not forgotten all his pleasantries: instruction may be blended with amusement, and frequently gain by the conjunction.

**PHOTOGRAPHS FROM DRAWINGS.**—We have been greatly pleased with a small series of very charming subjects in photography from drawings by Mr. Rawdon Walker. Some five or six years ago we favourably noticed the sketches of this gentleman, drawn with charcoal, a style of work to which he has given the name of "Carbonic Drawings." Since that period he seems to have got his material more under command; his pictures now are as free in execution and as powerful in effect as his earlier works, but to these qualities are added great delicacy and what artists call "sweetness." These photographs consist of landscapes of a highly picturesque character; the views, from nature, are well selected, and the touch of the artist, with his clever management of chiar-oscuro is faithfully copied by the solar agency.

**MESSERS. STONE & MORTIMER** have issued a very graceful and admirably executed medal to commemorate the Imperial visit to England, and the Royal visit to Paris. On the one side are the busts of the Emperor and Empress: on the other, those of Her Majesty and the Prince. The dies are the work of Mr. Leonard Wyon, who is worthily sustaining the honours of his name, and closely approaching the merit which for so many years distinguished the productions of his accomplished father. This medal charms by its simplicity: but in such cases simplicity must be associated with more than ordinary refinement and excellence. It tries the artist more than could be done by ambitious efforts, and we regard this unpretending work as of a high order of Art—one that cannot fail to extend the repute of the medallist.

## REVIEWS.

**NOTES ON MODERN PAINTING AT NAPLES.** By LORD NAPIER. Published by J. W. PARKER & SON, London.

We hear so little of Naples at the present time, except the information which reaches us concerning King Bomba and his minister of police, one can scarcely suppose that amidst the distractions of politics, and the system of espionage which presses like a deadly incubus upon the people, the humanising and refining arts can yet find a home among those whose spirit is bowed down to the very verge of slavery. Travellers who visit that region, and those who make it their temporary abode, are eloquent in their descriptions of its enchanting scenery, the pomp of its carnivals, and all the other attractions it holds forth for the gratification of the senses: we read of processions in the Strada di Toledo, and of the curiosities of the Museo Borbonico; of its numerous churches, with their rich decorations and magnificent altar-pieces from the hands of the great masters of art—Caravaggio, Luca Giordano, Lanfranco, and others; of its catacombs, its castles, and all else that is left of its former greatness and grandeur; but whether any of the *mind* still exists which once raised Naples to a position among the proud cities of Italy, we have learned little or nothing from recent writers. Lord Napier's volume, however, enlightens us on one point, and that the one which most interests us.

It is really extraordinary how little information reaches England of the state of modern art in Italy, except, perhaps, what is doing in Rome. From France, Belgium, and Germany, tidings sufficiently ample are frequently wafted hither: are then all the descendants of the eleven ancient schools of Italy, with the exception of the Roman, employed in manufacturing spurious Titians, Guidos, Raffaelles, and Giorgiones, for the markets of England, America, and our new settlements in the fifth quarter of the world? By the way, an acquaintance of ours, recently arrived from Australia, says that Melbourne and Sydney are gorged with such works, to be purchased almost for the cost of freightage. We must not, however, occupy our space with conjectures as to what the painters, if any, of Venice, Bologna, Florence, &c., are now doing, but refer to Lord Napier's report of the modern Neapolitan School.

During the period his lordship held a diplomatic post at the court of Naples, he sought relief from his public duties—by no means pleasant duties at a time of great public excitement and political changes little less than revolutionary—"before the silent altars, or in the courts and galleries of the grand forsaken houses, whence the vine wanders from the broken pergola, and the fresco blisters in the sun. . . . These artistic episodes of an agitated life brought the author into the company and confidence of the living painters of the country, who, profiting by the example of their predecessors during the rebellion of Masaniello, did not exchange the academy for the market-place, or the pencil for the stiletto, but kept their burdened studios in patience, and expected the revival of patronage with peace." It is four years since his lordship's "Notes" were drawn up; unforeseen causes have prevented their publication till now.

The patriarch of the modern school of Naples is Tito Angelini, who was living when Lord Napier wrote, but was upwards of ninety years of age. "Without any ability in composition, or knowledge of colour or chiar-oscuro, without any sense of beauty, of expression, or of grace, Sig. Angelini, in the true spirit of an arid pedagogue, inculcated the art of designing anatomical forms with an exactness which was not exceeded by Canuccini or Gerard." Camillo Guerra, Professor of Painting in the Royal Institute, is the painter of several altar-pieces for churches, and fresco compositions in the Royal Palace, none of which, however, Lord Napier is disposed to consider satisfactory; his greatest work, or rather series of works, is seen in the recently erected church, in Naples, of the Oratoriana, the cupola of which he painted in fresco with subjects from the Papal Paradise. "This immense undertaking, which Sig. Guerra has, with his unaided pencil, brought to a successful termination, numbers upwards of three hundred principal figures, of which the nearest are between fifteen and twenty feet in height, while the more remote still greatly exceed the natural size." It occupied six years to execute it. Both in drawing and colour this huge work reflects great credit on the artist. But the painter who is now by common consent placed at the head of the modern school of his native country is Giuseppe Mancinelli, an artist who owes his position entirely to his own genius. Lord Napier describes and speaks eulo-



gistically of many of his pictures taken from sacred and fabled histories. Domenico Morani, to whom Sir Walter Scott, when in Naples, sat for his portrait, has distinguished himself by several pictures of sacred subjects; "his composition is pleasing, his general tone refined, his drawing correct, and his colours more fused and harmonised than is usual on the modern Italian canvas. In that kind of elevated 'genre' painting which occupies a middle place between history and conversation, he has not the energy of Maciase, or the neat, ironical, pungent touch of Ward and Maciase; but he possesses a commensurate degree of elegance and vivacity, and his costume and still life are treated with extraordinary elaboration."

In portraiture, the artists of Naples, have not, on the authority of his lordship, attained a very high position; Carta and Mancinelli are the two best in his opinion; but the miniatures of Floriano Pietrocchi are far more in request among the Neapolitan fair. Of the landscape painters very honourable mention is made of Smargiassi, Professor of Landscape-painting at the Academy of Naples, of Gigante, Vianelli, Franceschini, &c.; but we must leave our readers to consult Lord Napier's book on the doings of these painters and of many others, whose names we cannot find space for, as well as for the information it affords respecting the institutions which exist under the Neapolitan government for the promotion of the Arts, the state of the Academy, and of "matters thereunto belonging."

**THE GOLDEN BOUGH.** Engraved by J. T. WILLMORE, A.R.A., from the Picture by J. M. W. TURNER, R.A. Published by H. GRAVES & Co., London.

This picture is in the Vernon Gallery, and was, as our readers know, engraved for the *Art-Journal* by Mr. Prior; Mr. Willmore's print is on a far larger scale than ours and does all the justice to the composition which his well-known ability warrants us in expecting. But we must never again look for such engravings from the pictures by Turner as we have been accustomed to see; his magic "touches" cannot now give light, and distance, and sparkle, to guide the engraver. When a proof was submitted to Turner, his only thought was to make a brilliant engraving, and for this purpose he did not hesitate to take out lights, and put in shadows, wherever he considered such alterations necessary, without reference to his original work: he knew the value of black and white, as he knew that of red, yellow, or blue, and he could make all serve his end. But no engraver, not even one of Mr. Willmore's high position in his art—would venture to take such liberties with Turner's pictures as he himself did; and hence if the "Golden Bough" is not equal to the "Tivoli" and all those other exquisite prints published during the lifetime of the painter, and which bear the impress of his marvellous touching, the fault does not rest with the engraver. Still the "Golden Bough" is a beautiful print; the lake and the distance repose quietly in the sunshine, so tenderly has the engraver laid in his lines, and the foreground shows a bold and masterly handling of the graver: we should like, however, to have seen some of the shadowed parts a little reduced, to render the whole more harmonious. Are we to argue from the appearance of this print that line-engraving is about to take once more its place among the patronised arts of the country? from which of late years it has been excluded, except on a comparatively limited scale, such as our own plates. We should heartily rejoice to find it were so; England has abundance of the material of talent to restore line-engraving to its proper position, and much more would be found if due encouragement were held out to it: we only hope that Messrs. Graves will be induced by the success of the "Golden Bough" and it richly deserves the patronage of every Art-lover, to follow up the course which it seems to prefigure.

**CHROMOLITHOGRAPHS.** Printed by M. & N. HANHART. Published by ROWNEY & Co. London.

It is well for the artist that, ere mechanism and scientific discovery can be brought to bear on the production of pictures, his genius and skill must first be employed to show what mechanism and science may be able to effect as resulting from his labours: were it otherwise, the painter might hopelessly fold up his sketching easel and close his box of colours, and offer himself as a grinder of pigments, or, if strong enough in thew and muscle, as a "pressman" in the establishment of Messrs. Hanhart or some other extensive printer of chromolithographs. But though the sun and the printing press are widely extending the influence of Art, they are popularising it at the same time, and must therefore be considered as friends of the artist and not as obstacles he need desire to have removed from his path. He does not find his

occupation gone because engravings now are not the costly and rare treasures they were a few years back: there is still a large picture-buying public,—never so large a one as at present—and a still more numerous body of the community not possessing the means to purchase the original works of our painters, but who are able to acquire, and do acquire, the next best substitutes—engravings, and imitation drawings or chromolithographs. The art of printing in colours from stones and also from wood-blocks seems to have reached its climax, for if it has made no advance within the last two or three years it has certainly not retrograded; indeed one scarcely sees what improvement we have a right to expect, inasmuch as it requires a very close examination of a well-tutored eye to distinguish the counterfeit from the real in many prints lately published, and some have deceived the very best judges. How easily judges may be deceived, an instance occurs to our minds at the present moment: it is a case in point to those just referred to, only reversing the order of things. A few years back an artist with whom we are acquainted, sent to the exhibition of the Royal Academy a drawing made with lithographic chalk on paper slightly tinted to resemble "India paper," the margin being left white: on the opening day he found it had not been accepted, and when he received it back from the mass of other rejected works, he found the backboard of the frame endorsed "a print," in white chalk. The artist who had thus unfortunately, but quite unintentionally, deceived a whole "hanging committee" of Royal Academicians, wrote to the secretary, Mr. Howard, complaining of the mistake that had been made, and stating that he must charge the committee with one of two offences; either that they were incompetent to distinguish between a drawing and a print, or else that they examined the works submitted to their ordeal so cursorily as not to give themselves time to come to a right conclusion. Mr. Howard, with his accustomed courtesy, replied that of course he was unable to explain the matter, but if the drawing were sent the next year, he would take care it received full justice: it was sent, and honourably hung on the line.

A number of very clever chromolithographic prints have recently been issued by Messrs. Rowney & Co. from the printing presses of Messrs. Hanhart & Co.: all are good though all are not of equal merit; this may arise from the original drawings being of varied excellence. Among the large prints is a "View of Florence," from a drawing by S. Palmer, taken from a lofty terrace overlooking the city: the landscape is brilliant with an Italian sunset, but the execution has a woolly appearance, especially in the distances: the trees and the foreground generally, have the crispness and bold touching of the original work. A pair of prints, after W. Callow, "Frankfort" and "Cologne," please us much better; the warm sunny tones of the one, and the cool grey mistiness of the other, are well preserved; the skies in both these prints are admirably copied. A "View in Venice," from a drawing by the same artist is, we presume, taken from a sketch; it is very slight, but exceedingly rich in colour. "Isola Leechi, Lago di Garda," after W. L. Leitch, is carefully drawn, and, we have no doubt, is a faithful transcript of the original: the scene is highly picturesque, but the colouring is not agreeable to our eye: if more strength had been given to the boats in the foreground, and, partially, to the objects in the middle distance, the whole would have been rendered more effective: we never admire a landscape with the trees in full foliage, but not a vestige of green to be found in them. The "Peep of Day," an Irish cabin scene, by F. W. Topham, is also from a sketch; the picture is well composed, and brilliantly lighted up from a fire in the interior, and the sunrise peeping in at the open door: with somewhat more of finish it would be most acceptable. "Macbeth: Murder of Duncan," and "Macbeth: Murderers of Banquo," two scenes from the pen of Cattermole, are clever imitations of his bold, graphic, and forcible style; but would it not have been wiser to choose, as matters of popular interest, subjects less full of horrors? These are by no means calculated to make Art attractive. "Bridge at Prague," from a drawing by S. Prout, shows the picturesque architecture and statues of this structure to advantage: the print, however, scarcely does justice to the varied but harmonious tints with which Prout so beautifully covered the shadows of his time-worn walls: Prout's drawings, generally, are as remarkable for this as are the pictures of Turner in their skies, water, and level plains. "Diffidence," a little rustic girl seated in a chair, after W. Hunt, is certainly one of the best imitations of the whole series; in colour and manipulation the deception is perfect. A pretty little print is the head of a child in a round mushroom

hat decorated with a red ribbon; but it shows the lithographic process too palpably to be mistaken for anything but what it is; we do not recognise the artist of the original; and there is no name attached to the print. A small group of flowers in a jug, also without a name, is a brilliant bit of colouring given to a sketchy subject. Either as ornaments for the walls of the private residence, or as studies for those who are learning to paint in water-colours, these chromo-lithographs are quite worth possessing.

**NOLAN'S ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF THE WAR WITH RUSSIA.** Parts 1, 2, 3. Published by G. VIRTUE & Co., City Road, London.

The war in which we are, unhappily, engaged with the gigantic power of Russia—a war of which none are bold enough to predict the termination—as it naturally engages the attention of all, so it is bringing into the field a host of chroniclers to meet the demand which everywhere exists for information concerning it. None, however, of the numerous publications that have hitherto issued from the press, so far as our own observation extends, surpasses in interest Dr. Nolan's narrative, or contains so full an account of all that has taken place since the outbreak of hostilities. The first three parts of his work are now before us; two of these three are devoted to a description of the military strength and the resources of Russia, her late aggressions on Turkey, and to the other matters which have allied the Western Powers against her; in the third part the real history of the war commences, to be carried on through the successive parts. The narrative is well written, ample in its descriptions, for there is scarcely an incident with which we have become acquainted through the daily press that has been lost sight of, and the whole is well printed and "got up." Each part contains two excellent engravings on steel—one a portrait of some distinguished commander, and the other of a scene arising out of the war: we presume this edition will be the "people's edition," as it comes within the reach of all classes, yet it is brought out with sufficient care in the production to be also a "library edition."

**ALBUM BERLINER KUNSTLER.** Part I. Published by STORCH & KRAMER, Berlin.

This is the title of a pictorial serial, of which the first number is before us. It is issued from the celebrated lithographic establishment of Storch & Kramer, and contains three coloured lithographic fac-similes of pictures by Hildebrand, Rossmann, and Adolph Menzel, and will in its continuation afford examples of all the most celebrated Prussian painters. The present subjects are "Die Grosse Moschee in Alexandrien,"—the "Great Mosque of Alexandria"—by Hildebrandt; "Die Biertrinker,"—the "Beer-Drinkers"—Rossmann; and "Der Kirchgang,"—the "Walk from Church"—Menzel; the two latter works being essentially and popularly German. They are all admirably executed, and coloured, doubtless, strictly after the pictures. From the names of the artists whose works it is proposed to bring forward, this progressive work will contain some of the most meritorious productions of the modern German school. Letter-press descriptions of the pictures in German, French, and English, accompany the prints.

**THE NATIONAL DRAWING-MASTER, ON A NEW PRINCIPLE.** By W. A. NICHOLLS. Published by ACKERMANN & Co., and REEVES & SON, London.

We noticed the first two or three numbers of this work at the time of their publication: it now appears in a complete form, and bears unquestionable evidence of having received a very large amount of time and attention, and, we may add, artistic skill, from Mr. Nicholls. The "new principle" involved in it is that of having examples and appropriate drawing-paper, each printed over with red lines and dots, to enable the pupil to copy the subjects with greater fidelity, in the same manner as an engraver is accustomed to "square" his picture and his tracing before copying the outline or reducing it. This plan has its advantages and disadvantages; it certainly will lessen the trouble of the pupil, but at the same time it makes him rely less on his eye than he would otherwise do. However, as the book only professes to teach the rudiments of Art, the scholar may safely be left to acquire these in the easiest way he can, leaving him at a future time to shake off such leading-strings as are now used to guide him, that he may go alone. In the text which accompanies the illustrations will be found a vast mass of really judicious and useful remarks; and, altogether, we know of no work which so well answers the purpose of a "Primer" of Art. The examples amount to many hundreds of subjects—landscapes, figures, animals, &c.—engraved on wood in the best style.



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